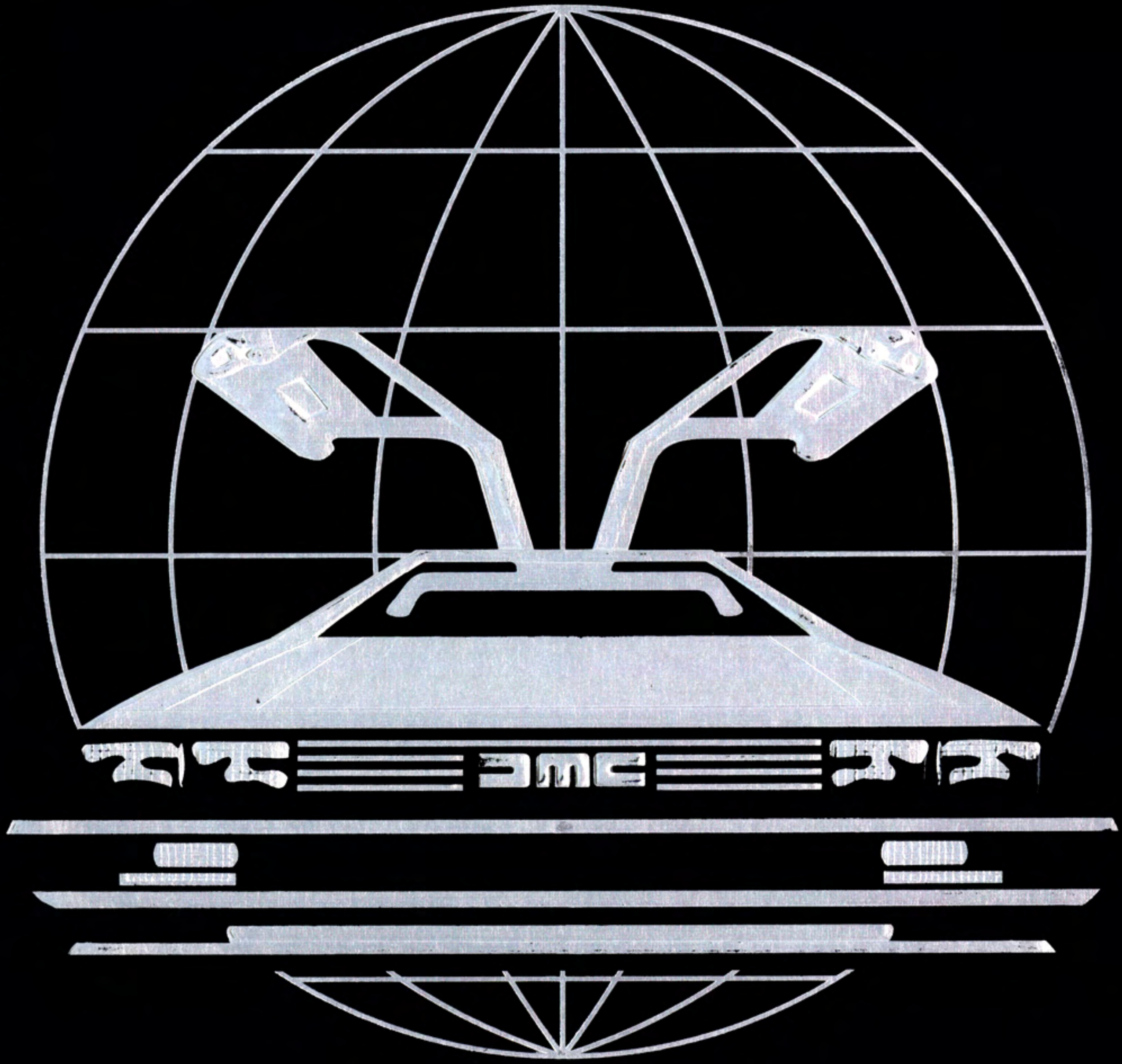
dw
magazine

Travel • Technical • Lifestyle

dw magazine Volume 1 | No. 3 WINTER 2003



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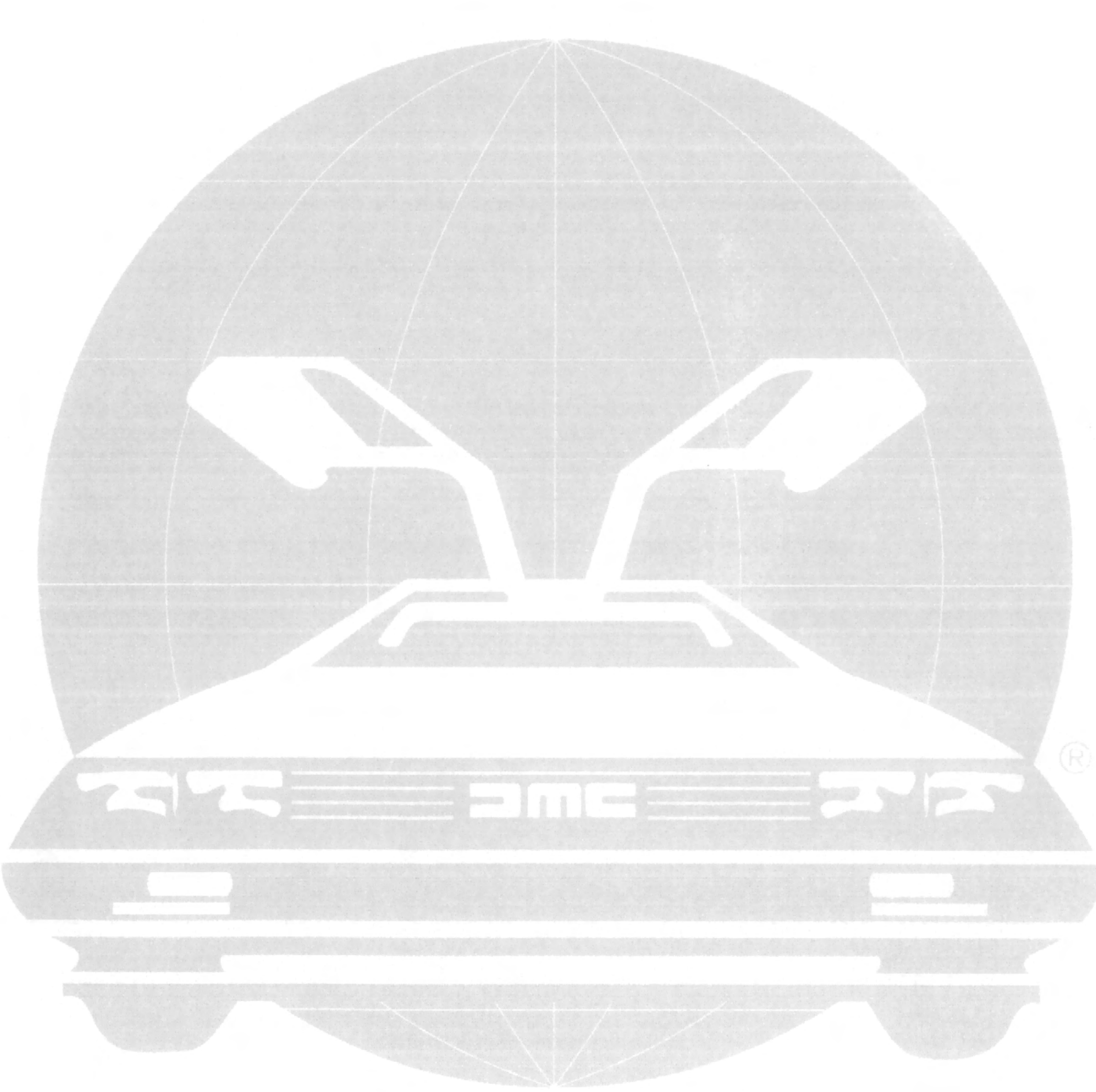

President's Message

Linda Porter

It's been a great ride.

These past six years serving as President of the Association have been very eventful for me. I've had the chance to meet many of our members around the country and work closely with an exceptional group of people, your Board of Directors. Everyone on the Board knows their job, and does it well. It's always easy to look good if you've got the back up, and I certainly have had the best.

I didn't realize going into the job of President that it would be an education, but am pleased to report I'm glad to have had the chance to increase my knowledge; about our members and especially about our cars.

You can learn more about some of the DeLorean Owners Association members and about the DeLorean car by reading this issue of ***dw magazine.***

Kevin and Andrea Eldridge are two people you'll meet here. Airplane pilots and owners of a DeLorean, they live a life most of us only dream about. Some of Kevin's experiences in the sky are too daring for my timid soul, but I think you'll agree after reading the article that these two have created an interesting and exciting life for themselves.

Don't miss Tony Ierardi's touching tribute to his father, Pat, in *6041 Comes Home.*

We encourage DeLorean owners to drive their DeLoreans…and inside this issue there are three destinations worth checking out. The first is the Florida Everglades. Barry Spyker, Automotive Editor of the Miami Herald, shares his love of this unusual and beautiful place. Along the way, Spyker introduces us to the Florida Keys and trendy Miami Beach.

Sascha Skucek stops in San Antonio, Texas on his easterly drive across the U.S. His report on this historically significant city is the subject of this issue's Explorer segment. There's nothing like a little mystery to pique my interest and I'm interested in visiting the hotel mentioned in this article.

Bruce Lasuta and his wife, Lorraine, take their DeLorean for a spin along Highway 101 in British Columbia. They enjoy the great outdoors and a quiet weekend at Ruby Lake Resort.

Beyond Radio by Isaac Goren continues our education regarding sound systems and other available electronic gadgets just waiting to enhance the DeLorean driving pleasure.

Continuing in the technical vein, you'll find the concluding chapter of the three part series on *The DeLorean Clutch.*

The DeLorean Owners Association's Twentieth Anniversary Celebration in Long Beach, California is featured in the article *Ardently Long Beach.* Attendees came from around the country to join in the festivities and now you can share some of that fun via the pictures and words describing this momentous event.

20 years…an important milestone for any person or group!

dw magazine

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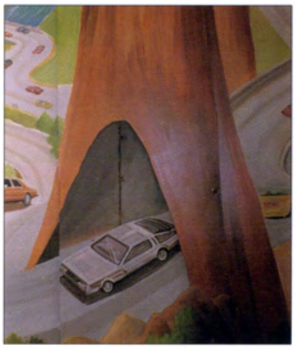

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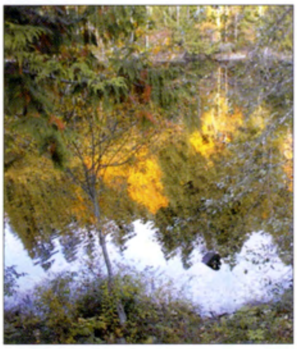

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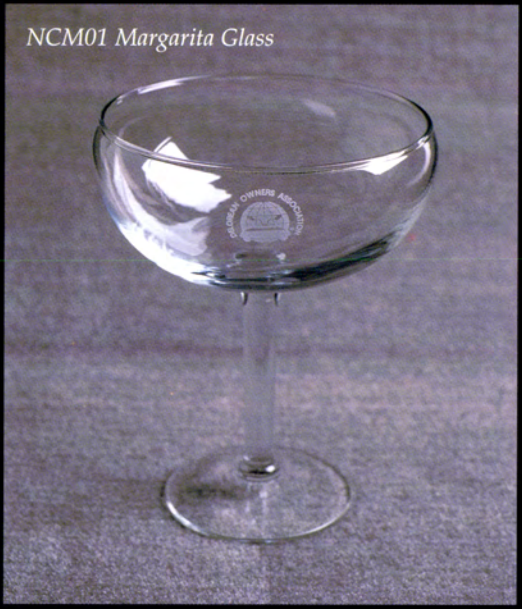
Entertaining Thoughts

Just in time for your holiday party, a stunning new array of Association Logo glassware.

NCBG01 Balloon Wine Goblet



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NCBG01 set of 2 balloon wine goblets, $19.00

NCXM01, extra large margarita glass, $23.00

NCS01 Crystal Shooter Glass

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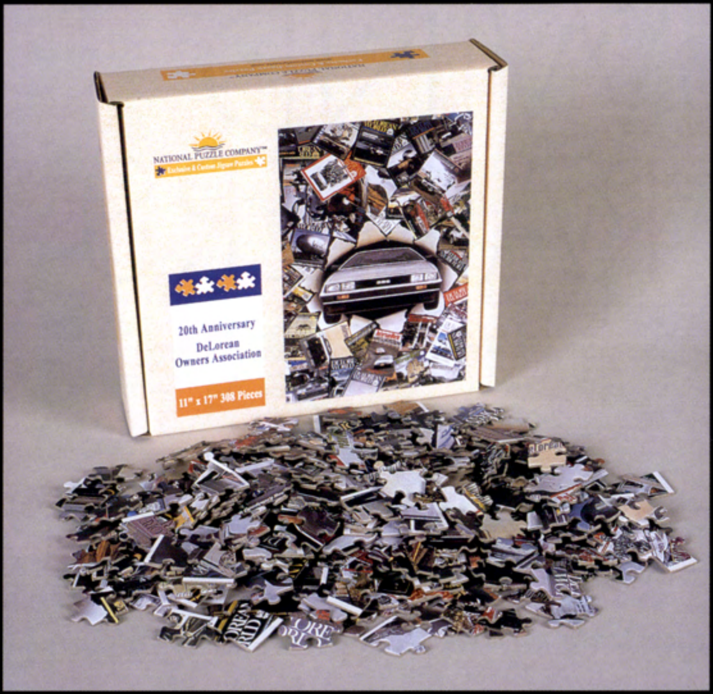
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DeLorean
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11" x 17" 308 Pieces

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◀

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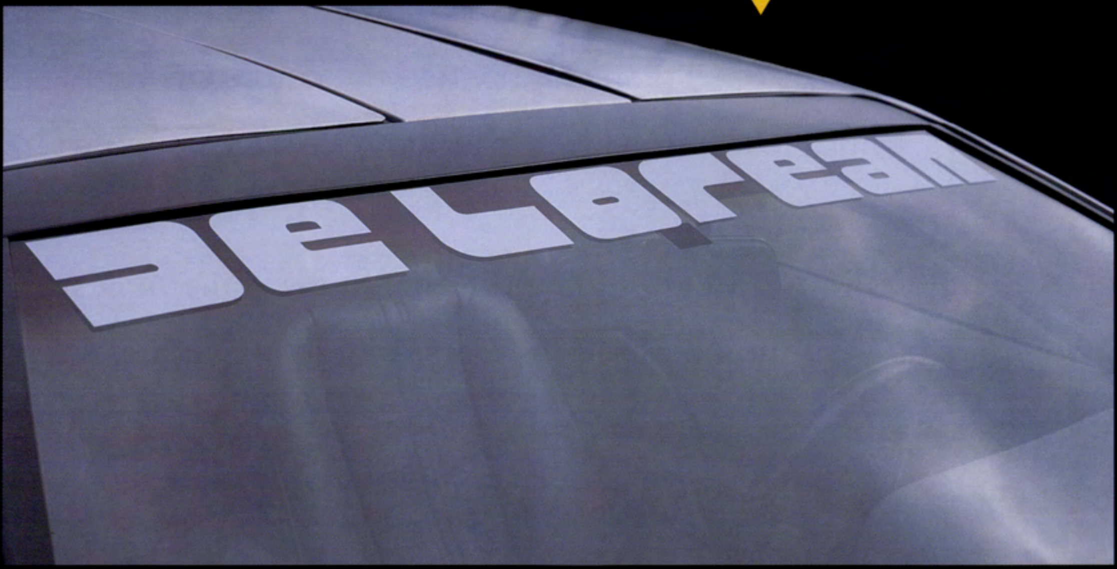

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THE WIND RAIDERS

Story: John Walk **Photos:** Kevin Eldridge, John Walk

Flying at 400mph, 50 feet above the ground, Kevin Eldridge waited patiently to make his move. Coming around the first of eight pylons on the third lap, the Super Corsair was once again in the thick of the race. It thrilled the crowd because Corsairs were too heavy, their wings too fat and their engines not strong enough to win air races. But this plane had defied the competition of Mustangs, Yaks and Sea Furies since it won the air race at Reno in 1985.

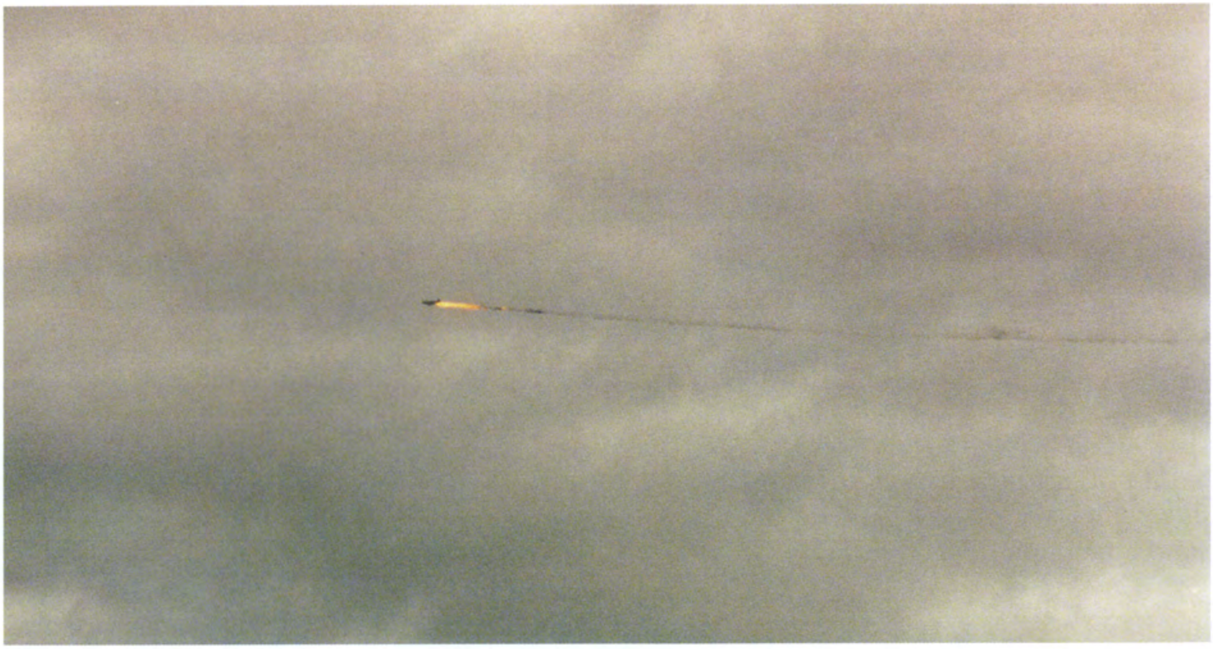
Suddenly, the plane started to vibrate, and Kevin knew something was wrong. *It's a burnt piston,* he thought. He eased the Corsair higher, gaining altitude.

"Race one mayday," Kevin radioed in. "I'm pulling off the course."

He was eyeing one of the runways at Williams Gateway Airport, set aside for emergencies during the Phoenix 500 Air Races. Shutting down the engine and gliding to a safe landing didn't seem hard at this point. But Kevin didn't realize that his crankshaft had broken in half.

There is respect for those who take the path less traveled.

"Kevin you're on fire," a voice said suddenly on the com. "Bail out."



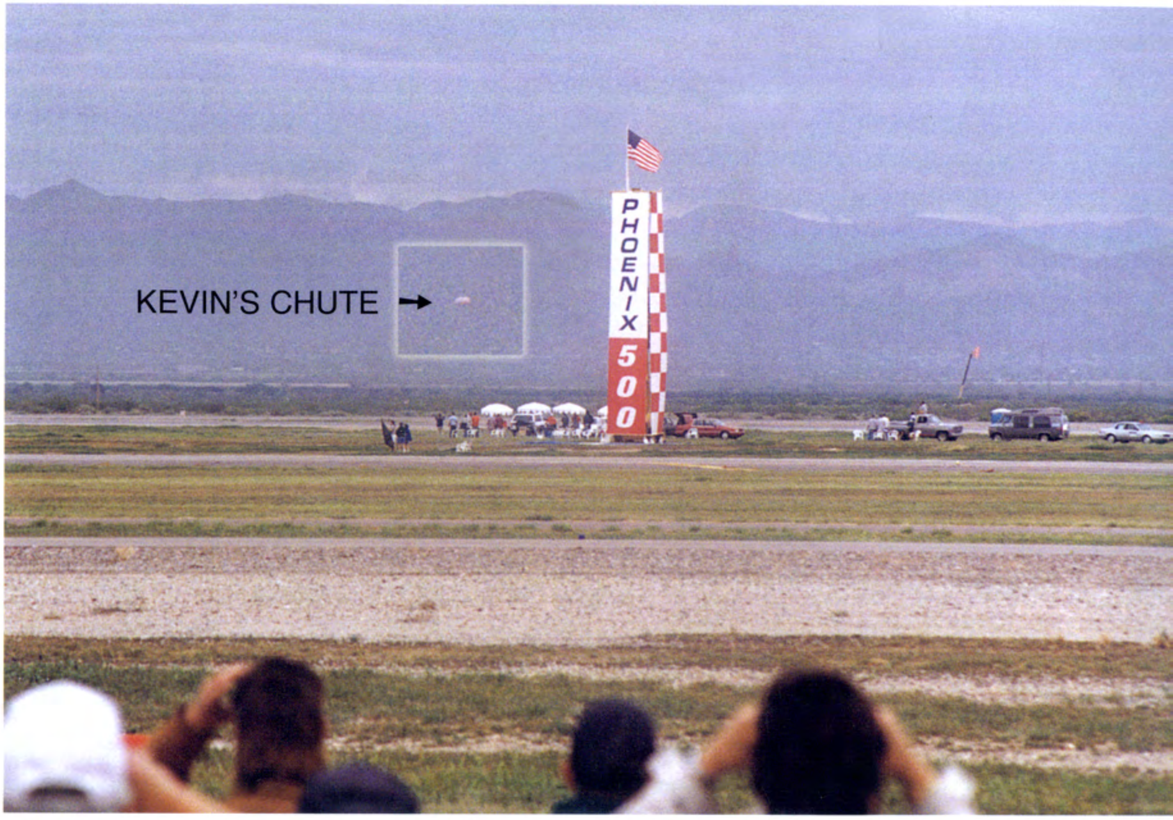
From the ground the crowd gasped as the Corsair began smoking. The emergency fire extinguishers kicked in. Kevin looked at his instruments. If the fire was out, he could still glide it in.

Like most planes in air racing, the Corsair wasn't insured. Lose the plane and you've lost your investment, your time and your sweat. Lose your life, however and you become nothing but a rerun of what not to do. Kevin heard the voice of his friend, Bob Hoover, flying close-by in the *Lady Luck*–the safety plane: "Bail out, Kevin."

No one had successfully ejected from a World War II plane in years–not since the war, anyway. And it had certainly never been done in an air race.

Kevin didn't hesitate. He had two options. He could invert the plane and fall out of the cockpit, a maneuver common during World War II.

Without warning, Kevin's chute flew open.



This was dangerous, however, as the plane would dive directly into the ground and close to bystanders. The other option was to climb out the cockpit and over the side, hopefully keeping the plane level. He opted for the latter–the more dangerous and difficult.

He positioned himself crouched on the seat and let go of the stick. The Corsair lurched forward and down. He grabbed the stick and steadied it. From the ground, the crowd watched as the plane continued to arc higher in the sky, followed by a trail of smoke. Kevin's plight was announced over the loudspeaker and some began yelling for Kevin to jump out. Among them was Andrea Dramesi. She could hear the radio traffic on the scanners. *Bail out.*

But the plane kept gliding across the sky. *Get out Kevin* and nothing. It seemed that everyone and their dog knew what this pilot had to do. So why wasn't he doing it?

Squatting on his seat, Kevin knew there was no more time. He let go of the stick again, and the plane pitched down. As he opened the canopy, the Corsair began to roll over. He jumped, but the wind knocked him backwards and his leg jammed between the seat and railing. He broke it loose and fell out of the cockpit. With a loud crack the wind blew him into the wing ripping off his helmet. In the next moment, he was spinning to the ground like a meteor.

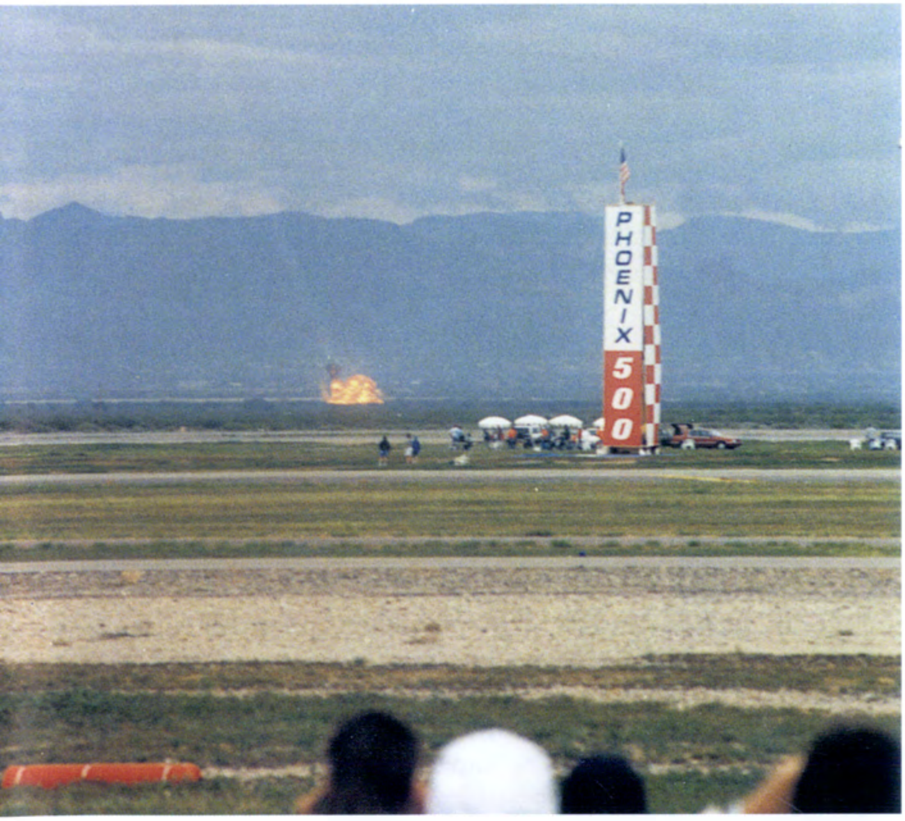
Wind is the god of the sky.

Earth couldn't be far away and Kevin reached for his D-ring to release the parachute. But it wasn't where it was supposed to be. Looking down, he realized that he had no D-ring. *Well,* he thought. *This is it then.*

Without warning, Kevin's chute flew open. The wind unraveled it with such force that three panels blew out and the bottom skirt almost severed. Kevin looked down and saw that his leg was broken. His arm began to throb, and as he tried to look up, he realized that he couldn't. But he wasn't dead. Not yet. He came to rest in the desert and lay alone on his side for 15 minutes–an eternity.

Wind is the god of the sky. Planes harness it. They cut the wind with their wings and their propellers send it spinning into vortices. It is a dangerous manipulation. Follow a plane too closely and the wash might divert your plane into the ground. While wind can fill your parachute and lay you gently on the ground, it can also feed the flames and take your control away in an invisible whim. Pilots that raid the sky learn to respect wind, because it won't respect them.

At the 1995 Phoenix Air Races, the following year, Kevin met Andrea. By then, he had become something of a legend, having made a full recovery from injuries that should have left him paralyzed or dead. He had overcome a broken neck, arm and leg. On occasion, ESPN was still playing the clip of the Corsair crashing straight into the ground as 150 gallons of fuel exploded into a massive fireball.



So when he sputtered out the greeting "Hi, I'm Kevin," Andrea gave him an apperceptive grin and a "yeah, I know." Other than flying air races and fixing warplanes, Kevin was also a co-pilot for TWA. In his spare time, he had flown a helicopter in Sylvester Stallone's *Cliffhanger,* two years before. At the airfield in Chino, California, he had hobbled to the funeral of the beloved Super Corsair, where it remains buried today, the propeller still jutting from the ground like a tombstone. He had beaten death. He had seen many parts of the world, and played with its rich and famous. All that seemed left was the love of a lifetime, and now, he felt captivated by the woman in front of him.

"She had this vision of what she was doing, and she spoke her mind," Kevin says in his hangar at Chino Airfield. Andrea looks at him and grins. Her eyes are wide and curious, as though the next moment couldn't come soon enough. Kevin acts calm and relaxed, but his laugh is a little insane like a boy daring adventure to meet him head on. And he knows it too.

Back in '95, when Kevin met Andrea, she was also a pilot. She had learned to fly near Boston and was now living in San Francisco. She was independent and knew what she wanted. She wanted to fly 747s–a career whose female entourage is only two percent. Kevin admired her fire.

Within the next nine months, they were seen together, sitting in a tree, doing a little dance, coming through the Rye...sparks flew, candles blazed, little boxes of chocolates in the shapes of hearts were found empty. The signs were clear. He offered her the world, an oyster and a jar of Grey Poupon. She accepted, so long as he came with the deal.

▲ *The Super Corsair propeller, still buried, jutting from the ground.*

The wedding was small but romantic. They exchanged vows overlooking Kapalua Bay in Hawaii. A pastor oversaw the ceremony. A witness memorized the event. A photographer mentioned cheese. They were giddy and eager for their life ahead, full of sound and fury. With the seal of a kiss, the wind blew in their faces and through their hair as the red sun ventured over the horizon and began the day.

In 1997, they embarked on their first trip together – to the great pyramids of Egypt. Andrea had a plan.

"We had to get a camel, a horse and a tour guide," Andrea says. Apparently, they didn't want to arrive with the tourist masses, by car, full of breadsticks from the Pizza Hut a quarter mile away.

"'Sure, why not,'" Kevin remembers saying. "It was an experience. I'd never been on a camel." He ends the sentence with a jubilant laugh, like a man whose life goals had never included camel riding, but was still proud to admit he had.

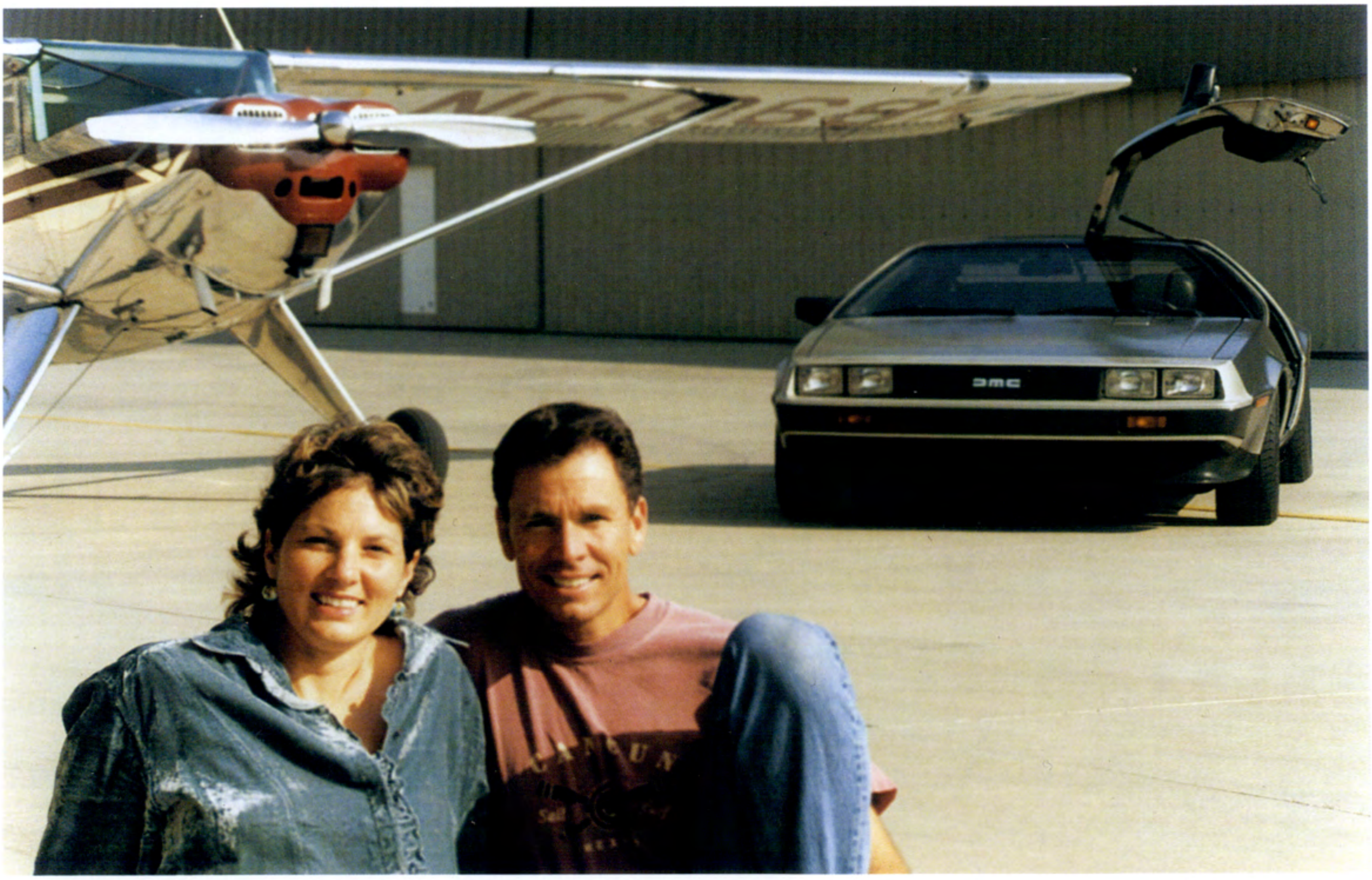
The tour guide was seven-years-old. And Kevin and Andrea weren't judging. He could have been very good. It's just that they couldn't understand Arabic. His job was more or less to make sure that Kevin didn't flee into the desert with the family camel.

He offered her the world, an oyster and a jar of Grey Poupon.

They approached the Pyramids from behind, through the sand and away from the city. It was just as Andrea had asked. Had they understood the boy, they might have picked up on an old Arab proverb: "Man fears time, yet time fears the Pyramids."

The sun was unrelenting and tourists had little interest in walking into a pyramid oven. With their tour guide happily tending their rides, Andrea and Kevin shrugged off the popular contention and entered the Great Pyramid, largest of all and the last remaining ancient wonder of the world. Following the ascending tunnel, Kevin and Andrea found themselves alone in the burial chamber. They were in the heart of Egyptian spirit and its most powerful deity: Amon, god of wind–the only thing the Pyramids themselves fear–the very thing that claws at their surface, little by little, to their inevitable destruction.

Kevin lay in the sarcophagus of red granite, and Andrea laughed. Was this an odd pairing? One dared to live. The other refused to die. Together, they must have



▲ *Andrea & Kevin Eldridge in front of their hanger, with their Luscombe 8E and her DeLorean.*

"Oh wow,"she said, "you got me a DeLorean manual."

brushed Amon's curiosity–these pilots that raided his sky, using his wind, daring to matter.

Back home, Kevin took a job with American Airlines and Andrea soon followed. She found that being a female pilot did not lead to the male chauvinism one might expect. On rare occasion, after a flight, when she would stand outside the cockpit to smile at the passengers repeating "bubye" 187 times, something amusing would happen.

"Once in a while a man, as he's exiting the plane, will stick his head past me and yell 'thanks guys'," she says smiling. These are the same men that believe in invisible men, werewolves and the Stay Puft marshmallow man–not a particularly chauvinist group, as we all know.

Kevin continued air racing and volunteered in the museum at Chino Airfield. He worked on the set of *Con Air, Executive Decision, and Forever Young*. In 2000, he would fly planes for *Pearl Harbor*. Not to be

U.S. AIR FORCE
25012
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▲ *One of Kevin's toys and Andrea's DeLorean.*

outdone, Andrea played Polo. She became so good that Kevin expected they'd soon own a string of ponies. But the fad fell through and it was time for another.

One day she let slip that in college, she had been fascinated by a winged car and had kept a poster of the DeLorean on her wall. So as any good husband would, Kevin bought his wife a DeLorean. He tried to keep it as a surprise for their sixth anniversary and hid it in their hangar for two weeks at Chino Airfield. But with only five days to go, Andrea commented that she was going to work on stained glass, a hobby she enjoyed, in the hangar where they shared a large workbench.

"Oh okay," Kevin said without concern.

When Andrea returned a short while later to announce that her key didn't work on the hangar lock, Kevin smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand and remembered openly that he had changed the locks. His apology was very innocent and Andrea, in the same forthright manner that Kevin so admired in her, conjured a small bag of expletives about his stupidity–for his listening pleasure. And it worked. She did not work on glass that day. This was, no doubt, the stupidity of a fox.

On the day of the anniversary, he stole away to the hangar, using the "I'm going to work out" excuse, oft employed by men in desperate need of quiet time. He retrieved the DeLorean and drove it to their home. After wrapping a large red bow around it, he walked in the house, planted a loving kiss on his wife and led her to the kitchen room table where he had placed the owner's manual.

"Oh wow," she said without flowing tears of happiness but a hint of sarcasm, "you got me a DeLorean manual."

Kevin explained to his fast-dawning wife, that this was a representation of what waited for her outside. She shook her head in disbelief and allowed the moment to become ecstatic.

"I love it," she says now, a year later. Kevin tries to hide a small smile. He likes it too.

▲ *Andrea in her sixth anniversary gift.*

For now, the Eldrige's have no immediate plans for adventure. Until they do. There's fun to be had, a world to be seen and a life to keep living. Opportunity is for those who answer the knocking door. Amon must admire courageous people like Kevin and Andrea Eldridge. There is respect for those who take the path less traveled. Respect for the wind raiders.

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6041 COMES HOME

In loving memory of Pat Ierardi

In 1994, I purchased DeLorean 6041 from an original DeLorean dealer*. The car was picked up in New Jersey by Ed Bernstein and taken out to Delorean One for maintenance. It gained instant notoriety from the Association. Based on its condition, the Concours rules were revised. My plans were to win a first place Concours trophy and then drive 6041 for enjoyment. When I moved to Florida in 1996, the DeLorean only had 200 miles on it. At the time, I was struggling with a new job and didn't have the extra time or money to ship the car to the 1997 Concours competition. What's the rush, I thought. I knew I'd make it there some day. After all, I had no plans to sell the car.

Sadly, fate seemed to think otherwise. In 1997, my father Pat—my best friend, was diagnosed with Lung Cancer. In 1994, he had loaned me the money to buy the DeLorean. Banks at the time weren't terribly keen for $25,000 used-car loans. But it was commonplace that my Dad was there to help me with my dreams. Now, facing the worst news a person could hear, he worked hard to secure the future for my mom, his wife of 46 years, before his time ran out. He approached me about selling the Delorean, and, without hesitation, we placed a classified ad in Hemmings Motor News.

A gentleman car collector flew in to look at my car in January 1998 and was immediately taken with the car's condition. After seeing other Deloreans for sale, he knew this was "the one to buy". He asked why I was selling the car. Solemnly, I told him.

I inquired what his plans for the car were.

"To drive it," he replied.

Had I only driven the car more and enjoyed it, this day would have been so much easier. With full payment, he sent a transport for delivery. My parents were at the house the day the transport truck arrived. A neighbor later gave me a picture he had taken that day—the last picture I had of the DeLorean. It showed me steering the car up the ramp as my dad guided me in.

On March 15, 1999, my father lost his battle with cancer. The first two years following his death were very hard for all of us. I had to realize that you can't replace a great loss—you can only try to go on.

Four years later with my beautiful wife Elizabeth and our 18 month old daughter Alexa by my side, things were wonderful. I only wished my Dad could see me. And I felt compelled to buy another DeLorean—one I would actually drive. I mentioned it to my wife, and her encouragement was warm. I spoke with Stephen Wynne of DMC at the Barrett-Jackson auction in Palm Beach. We discussed the options, but nothing felt right to me. Deep down, a crazy notion stirred—it was 6041. I would find the car collector and buy it back, no matter its condition.

But he had disappeared. I had lost all records of the sale during several moves. I couldn't even remember his name.

I turned helplessly to Ed Bernstein and John Truscott, with little more than four numbers—6041. The same day, Ed called back with a phone number and name.

A lump formed in my throat I dialed the number and reached Stephen Lieber. He remembered me well. I told him about my Dad. I asked him to sell me his car. Lieber paused. He said he understood my attachment. And then he said yes. I could hardly believe it. When I asked the car's condition, he admitted he'd only driven it 231 miles. Like me, he hadn't been able to bring himself to drive it, except to some charity events and car shows.

The deal was done in a matter of days and on its way down to me in Florida, I had it dropped at DMC in Houston. I just wanted the car checked over before I started driving it. As it turned out Lieber had taken 2nd place with the car at the Millennium Concours in 1999. It gave me an idea: if I left the car in Houston for a few weeks I could enter it in the Concours at the DMC Open House event. Then, maybe I could accomplish what I had failed to do seven years earlier and win a Concours.

On the Friday night before the Concours, my flight landed at 8pm. By 9pm I was at DMC in Houston, face-to-face with my car for the first time in five years. Needless to say, there was a lot of detailing to do before the show, but my heart wasn't in it. I realized the last time I saw this car was with my Dad as we put it on the truck, and the moment became very emotional to me. I looked at my competition. The other two closest cars were

Story & Photos: Tony Ierardi

After seeing other DeLorean's for sale, he knew this was "the one to buy".

incredible, one with 126 miles and one with 575. Both near perfect, both owners there a day or two before me. One of them even had a team of four guys checking every inch of his car. How could I detail this car by morning well enough to win? I almost gave up before I started. Then, Stephen offered to let me stay in his garage as late as I needed. I thought of Dad. I felt he would have wanted me to give it my all. Even if I placed 3rd or not at all, at least I would have given it my best.

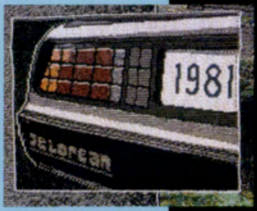
At 1:30am I dislocated a finger on my left hand when a wheel slipped on the floor. I had tried to catch it so it would not get scratched. I pulled on my finger and popped it back into place. Some of the guys heard me yell but I told them it was nothing. I did not want people to know until after the judging, so it would not seem like I was looking for an excuse. At 3:00am I was finished and checked into a hotel, asking for a 6:00am wake up call. Three hours later, I was back at DMC and worked nonstop until "rags down" at 10:30am.

The awards dinner that night was nerve-racking. Thoughts and emotions ran through my head—about my Dad and the DeLorean. If only I had had more time.

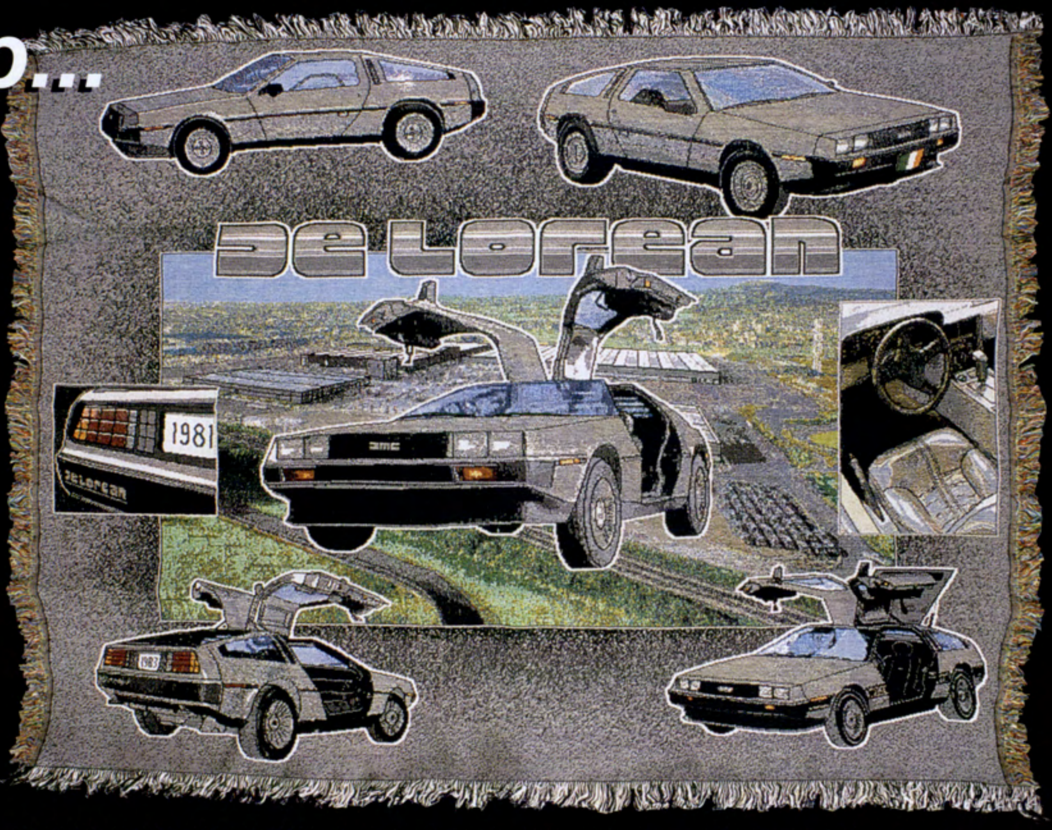
When my name was called for 1st place, I was physically and emotionally spent. The event had been a great time for me, and I felt grateful to everyone there.

I look forward to a bright future with my DeLorean friends and am happy to announce that VIN 6041 is retired from Concours competition. Now, I drive my car on the weekends and enjoy it as I always intended. It is a dream I couldn't have fulfilled without my father. Dad, wherever you are, I love you.

**DeLorean 6041 was featured in DeLorean World Magazine in 1995, number 3, volume 12 in the article, "The Last DeLorean Ever Sold" by Tony Ierardi.*



Afghan Detail



Snuggle up...

with a cozy afghan this winter. Made of 100% cotton, this 45" x 60" throw will be a welcome addition to any DeLorean lover's home. While wrapped in multiple depictions of DeLoreans, you may not even miss that DeLorean stored away in the garage for the winter.

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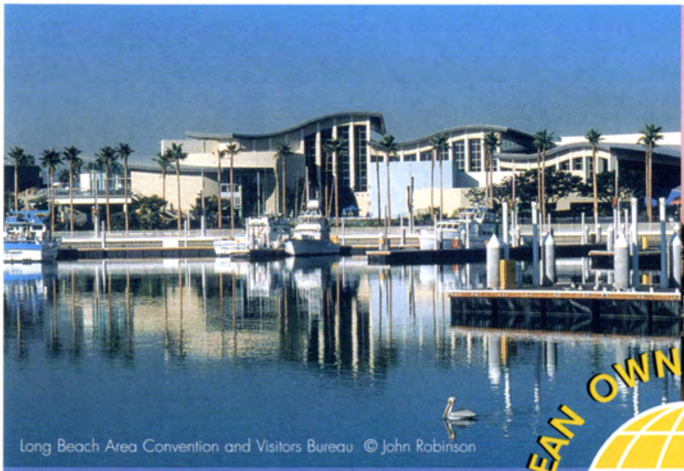
ARDENTLY *Long Beach*

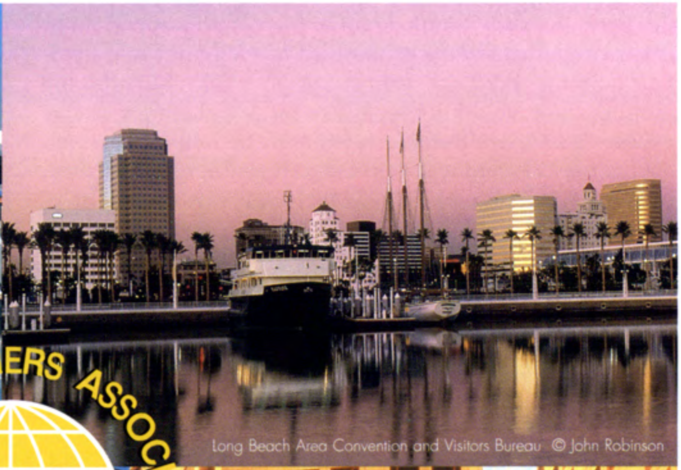
Story: Linda Porter **Photos:** Laura Ingersoll, Linda Lewis

In June, members of the DOA kicked off the gala bi-decadal celebration at the Long Beach Hilton. Of course, meeting with DeLorean owners always means a good time will be had by all. A 20th anniversary is as convenient an excuse as any to amass some of the most unique personalities in the world.

Decorated with a beautiful collection of Asian art, the Hilton is conveniently located near the lively, renovated downtown, the new Aquarium of the Pacific and the venerable *Queen Mary.* Some of the group arrived a few days early to make the most of the sights and sounds of Long Beach.



Long Beach Area Convention and Visitors Bureau © John Robinson



Long Beach Area Convention and Visitors Bureau © John Robinson

Long Beach Area Convention and Visitors Bureau © Michelle & Tom Grimm

© Hilton Long Beach

A 20th anniversary is as convenient an excuse as any to amass some of the most unique personalities in the world.

Members started gathering in the hotel's Hospitality Suite on Thursday, June 26th. Friends greeted each other, as they picked up their registration packets. Some hadn't seen each other in months—others, not in years. It felt good to see the smiles on their faces. A leisurely gondola ride was the first order of business that evening. While gondoliers sang Italian words of happy days and love, they rowed two large gondolas through the waterways of Naples Island. The group enjoyed hors d'oeuvres and wine.

▲ *Table full of raffle prizes.*

▼ *(top, l to r) Dick & Janet Shipman, Stephen Wynne, Elaine Wynne, Joan & John Truscott.*

▼ *Hank Breer & Brian Gates.*

▼ *Ray Haug, Ken Montgomery, Marcie Haug.*

Friday started with the ever-popular Technical Seminar, hosted by Don and Nancy Steger of *DeLorean Motor Center*. Members took the opportunity to grill Don about DeLorean repairs, some new, some old. The DeLorean Products Faire followed, sponsored by Eleanor Rodgers and *Turbo Manifold Company*. Several new innovations appeared for the first time. Later that evening, the crowd gathered near a private home at the end of a cul-de-sac on a narrow residential street. Nicknamed the Roundup at the Milestone Drive Garage, only Dorothy and Brian Gates, as friends of the owners, knew what a surprise was in store.

It was a twelve-car garage, with a lift. When the doors closed, we could see that every wall, door and ceiling was hand-painted with the complete motoring history of the last 100 years.

▲ *Albert Ramirez setting up the bar at The Roundup at the Milestone Drive Garage*

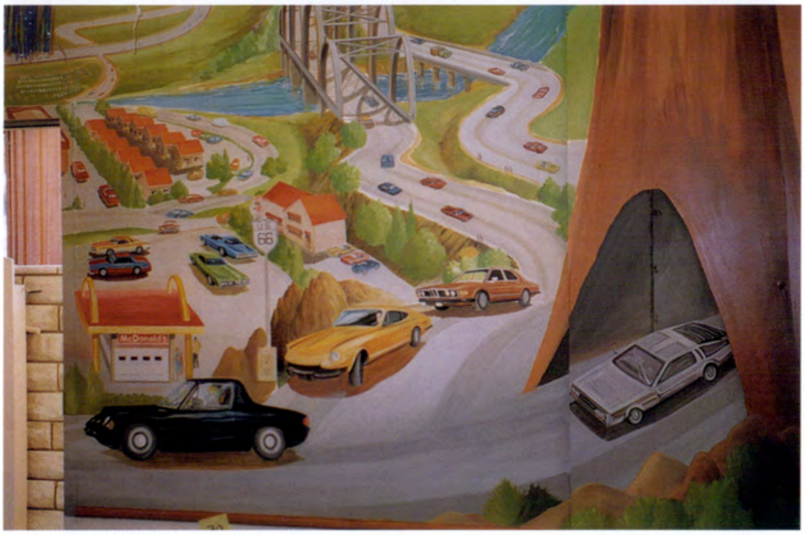
We could see that every wall, door & ceiling was hand-painted with the complete motoring history of the last 100 years.

With cameras flashing pictures, a game ensued. A question would be asked and the answer had to be found on the wall. Awards followed, as well as a raffle and the gathering met behind the garage for a mouth-watering barbecue.

After dark, we were treated to a black light show that gave the mural a whole new appearance. We thanked *DeLorean Motor Company* and Stephen and Elaine Wynne as the sponsors for the exciting evening.

◀ *The raffle and prize table at The Roundup at the Milestone Drive Garage event.*

Various details of the 100 Years of Motoring mural.


McDonald's
66

Dorothy and Brian Gates put many hours into planning a poker rallye through the area, which included a guided tour of Hall Pantera in nearby Paramount. Mimi and Hank Breer, of *Eaton Canyon Mercantile* sponsored this event. Drivers and passengers met after the drive at Clancy's, an Irish style pub in Long Beach to enjoy an authentic Irish lunch of Rueben sandwiches, corned beef, cabbage and fish & chips.

The final banquet brought everyone together one last time, to laugh, talk, eat and enjoy the moment. Mark Velky of Portland, Oregon won the long distance driving award.

In attendance that night were three couples from the original seven who organized the Association 20 years ago.

Awards were presented to Ed and Millie Bernstein, David and Mary Lou Knudson, and Dick and Janet Shipman honoring their many years of service to the organization.

Ed and Millie Bernstein of *DeLorean One* sponsored the evening.

◀ *Linda Porter receiving special recognition from the Association.*

▲ *Jon Spurlin, Raffle King.*

▲ *Special Service Award receipients (left to right): David & Mary Lou Knudson, Ed & Millie Bernstein, Janet & Dick Shipman.*

It has become clear to me that the DeLorean created something better than a circle of friends. It's built a family.

Not wanting to see the weekend end, many adjourned to the Bernstein's hotel suite to linger and talk, promising to meet again next year.

From top, left to right:

1. *Laura & Jim Ingersoll*
2. *John Truscott presenting Mark Velky with The Longest Distance Traveled Award.*
3. *Eric & Chris Koncelik*
4. *Hank Breer & Tom Scott*
5. *Delores Hales presenting raffle prizes.*
6. *Anthony Patti & Debra Desroche.*

The DeLorean Owners Association Board of Directors wishes to thank the following for their generous support of the Twentieth Anniversary Celebration. We appreciate our sponsors and contributors and know our success depends on the help we are so graciously given.

- *DeLorean Motor Center*
- *Turbo Manifold Company*
- *DeLorean Motor Company*
- *Eaton Canyon Mercantile*
- *DeLorean One*

From top, left to right:

1. *Ed Bernstein, all wrapped up for the night.*
2. *Brian Gates with his raffle prize.*
3. *Tom & Barbara Scott*
4. *Jon Spurlin, Stephen Wynne & Jack Balderston*
5. *Andrea Eldridge*
6. *Kevin Eldridge*
7. *Beverly Benedikt*
8. *Doris Arcieri*
9. *Debbie Spurlin*
10. *Millie Bernstein*

Editor's Comments

by Edward R. Bernstein

On November 22, 1977, British Airways launched the first commercial flight of the Concorde from London to New York. Less than two years later in February 1979, Car magazine wrote a story about DeLorean Motor Company, titled *DeLorean: Belfast's Concorde?* Looking back, the answer seems to be a resounding yes.

On October 24, 2003, Concorde flew her last commercial flight to London closing a significant chapter in supersonic air travel. In July, much press was given to a Concorde being transported to the Auto & Technik Museum in Sinsheim, Germany. It was riding into immortality. When it arrived at the museum, it was greeted by other legends of the mechanical era long already there, ready to welcome the Concorde into history. These included Russia's supersonic plane, the Tupolev Tu-144, a Mercedes 300SL, and a DeLorean. DeLorean 00875, to be exact—one of the original production, black interior five speeds. When the DeLorean Motor Company closed its door on February 14, 1982 it ceased production of the most noteworthy sports car of the 1980s decade.

Final estimates indicate 8,583 DeLoreans were produced. As few as 6,500 are left today. Of that number, less than 1,000 cars can be considered viable transportation and can be driven on a daily basis. The remaining vehicles are sitting in museums, garages, and warehouses. Some are locked in storage facilities waiting for their time to come. And it will come.

Of the remaining 11 Concordes, all are destined for museums or prominent locations. Larger and faster supersonic aircraft will be built in the future, but there will always be a special place for Concorde in the hearts of those who flew on it, those who flocked to the windows of the terminals to watch it take off and land or those who paused to look up as it flew overhead.

The DeLorean has been turning heads around the world for over two decades. It has a special place in the hearts of people who have driven in them, seen them in movies and those who have gawked at one drive by from the window of their car or flocked to the streets to see one in a parade. The car has achieved a unique place in automotive history. But, time moves ahead and the technology of the late 70s and early 80s has been left in the dust of automotive electronic evolution. Nevertheless, classic DeLoreans are poised to be a hot collector car in the foreseeable future with owners, collectors, investors and enthusiasts mixing the remaining inventory of cars at an aggressive pace. As the best cars are sold and removed from the markets, quality DeLoreans will increase in value and desirability. The void will continue to be filled until the cars have been restored and dispersed. They will become a rare commodity.

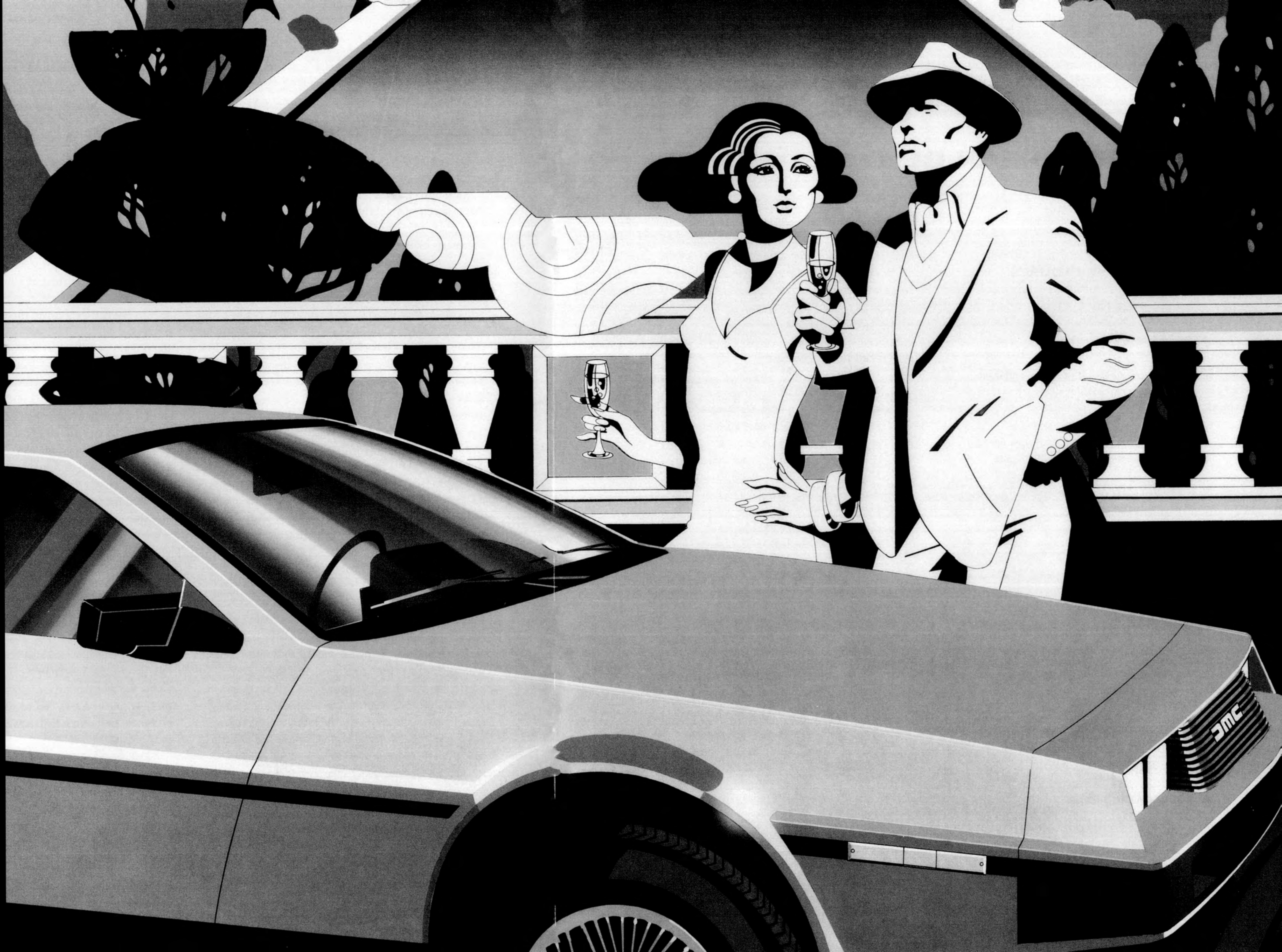
DeLoreans are made to be driven, and it appears that the more one is driven, the less it costs to maintain and repair it. Select examples of DeLorean automobiles sell today for twice what they cost 20 years ago and those that own one are fortunate. Those who do not will have to work harder than ever to find a good value for their money.

Those who flew Concorde at $10,000 for a three-hour plane ride didn't do it to simply waste money. Today, the Concorde legacy is over. You couldn't buy a ticket for $250,000. The memory and experience has become priceless.

DeLoreans are still available throughout the world today, some for reasonable prices. Within the next few years, the cost will accelerate beyond the reach of those who could now afford it. The opportunity to become a part of the DeLorean dream may soon pass most people by.

DeLoreans will stay on the market for a long time, but at ever greater prices. Where will you be? What are your dreams? What are the experiences you want to create in your lifetime? Will you sacrifice now to become part of history? More importantly, will you sacrifice now to become part of the experience?

SUPERIOR



Text: Ed Bernstein
DeLorean One, Chatsworth, CA

THE DELOREAN CLUTCH PART III

This is the final installment for the diagnostic evaluation of DeLorean clutch malfunctions and related problems.

DIAGNOSTIC PROCEDURES:

1. LOSS OF DRIVE

A. *Possible Diagnosis*

1. *The friction material has ripped off from both sides of the clutch disc.*
   a. *Possible Cause: Driver error, i.e. Accidentally downshifting from 5th to 2nd gear at high speed (75-85mph).*

2. DIFFICULTY IN CHANGING GEAR

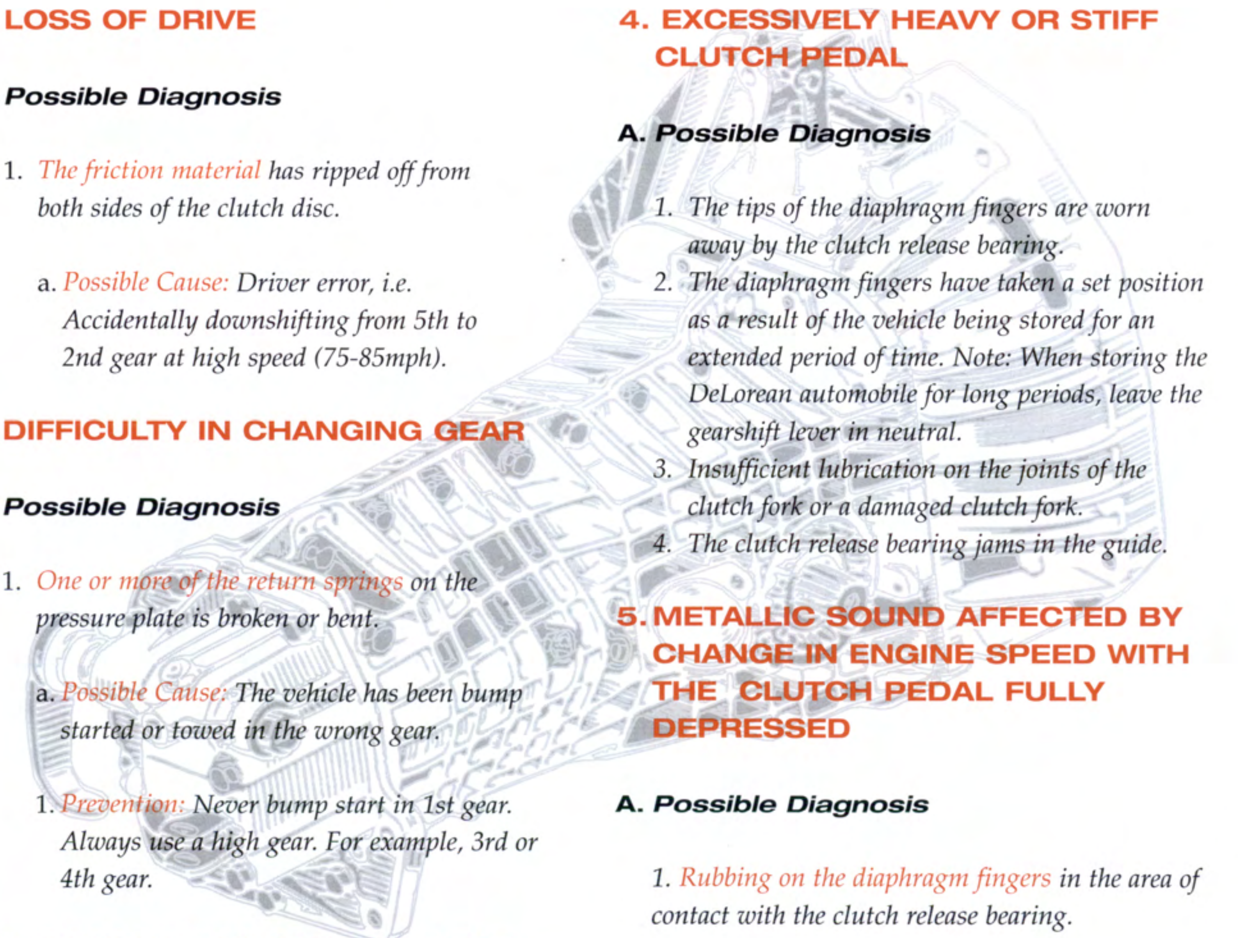
A. *Possible Diagnosis*

1. *One or more of the return springs on the pressure plate is broken or bent.*
   a. *Possible Cause: The vehicle has been bump started or towed in the wrong gear.*
      1. *Prevention: Never bump start in 1st gear. Always use a high gear. For example, 3rd or 4th gear.*

3. IMPOSSIBLE TO CHANGE GEAR AFTER INSTALLING A NEW CLUTCH

A. *Possible Diagnosis*

1. *The cover of the pressure plate is bent around the dowel location.*
   a. *Possible Cause: The pressure plate cover has not been correctly located on the dowel pins. The correct sequence for tightening the bolts has not been followed. Note: Always tighten the bolts gradually in a diagonal sequence.*



4. EXCESSIVELY HEAVY OR STIFF CLUTCH PEDAL

A. *Possible Diagnosis*

1. *The tips of the diaphragm fingers are worn away by the clutch release bearing.*
2. *The diaphragm fingers have taken a set position as a result of the vehicle being stored for an extended period of time. Note: When storing the DeLorean automobile for long periods, leave the gearshift lever in neutral.*
3. *Insufficient lubrication on the joints of the clutch fork or a damaged clutch fork.*
4. *The clutch release bearing jams in the guide.*

5. METALLIC SOUND AFFECTED BY CHANGE IN ENGINE SPEED WITH THE CLUTCH PEDAL FULLY DEPRESSED

A. *Possible Diagnosis*

1. *Rubbing on the diaphragm fingers in the area of contact with the clutch release bearing.*
   a. *Possible Cause: Incorrect adjustment or damage to the crossgate cable.*

6. CLUTCH SLIPS AND JUDDERS

A. *Possible Diagnosis*

1. *The clutch pressure plate shows evidence of burn marks.*

THE DELOREAN CLUTCH PART III

   a. Possible Cause: Driver resting foot on the clutch pedal while driving.

7. CLUTCH JUDDER AFTER INSTALLING A NEW CLUTCH

A. Possible Diagnosis

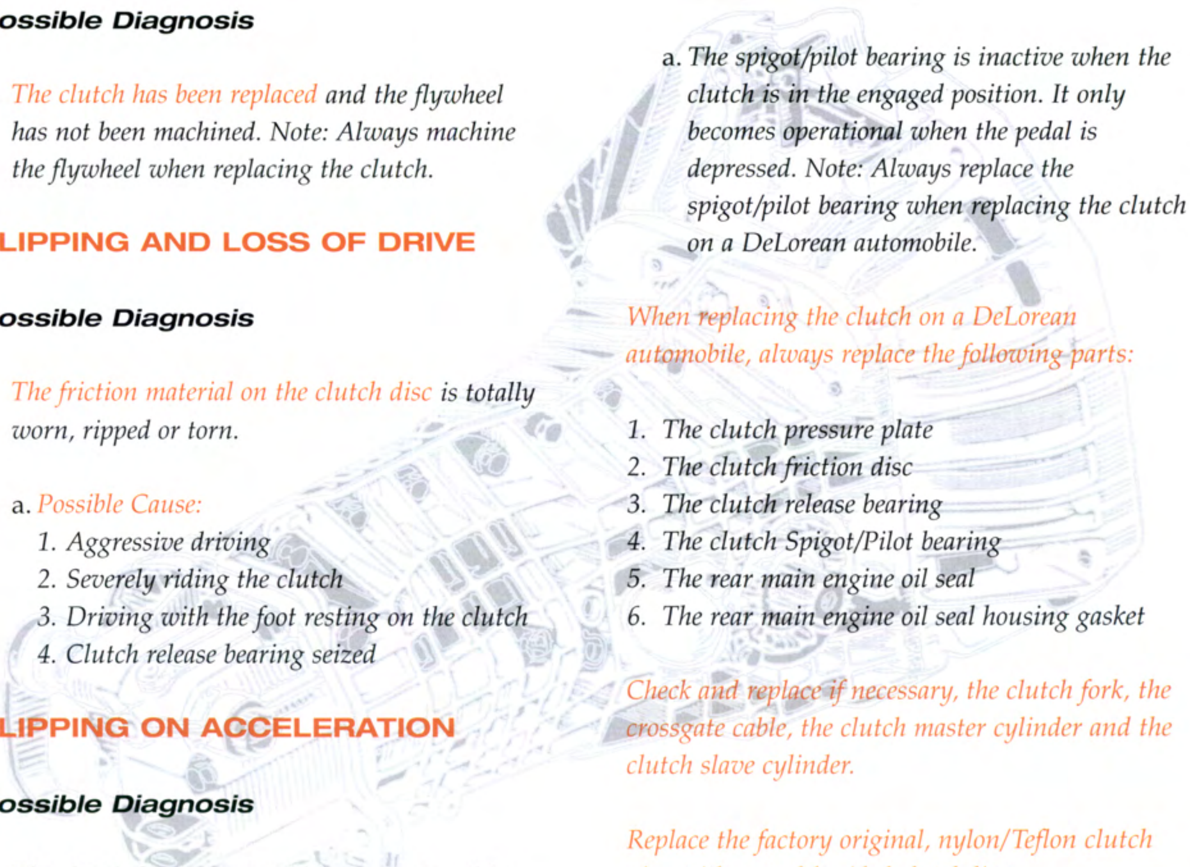
1. The clutch has been replaced and the flywheel has not been machined. Note: Always machine the flywheel when replacing the clutch.

8. SLIPPING AND LOSS OF DRIVE

A. Possible Diagnosis

1. The friction material on the clutch disc is totally worn, ripped or torn.

   a. Possible Cause:
      1. Aggressive driving
      2. Severely riding the clutch
      3. Driving with the foot resting on the clutch
      4. Clutch release bearing seized



9. SLIPPING ON ACCELERATION

A. Possible Diagnosis

1. The clutch friction material has worn too thin.
2. One of the clutch components has failed.
3. Engine oil contamination from a leaking rear main engine oil seal. Note: Always replace the rear main engine oil seal and gasket when replacing the DeLorean automobile clutch.

10. WHISTLING NOISE DURING CLUTCH PEDAL MOVEMENT

A. Possible Diagnosis

1. The spigot/pilot bearing is faulty

   a. The spigot/pilot bearing is inactive when the clutch is in the engaged position. It only becomes operational when the pedal is depressed. Note: Always replace the spigot/pilot bearing when replacing the clutch on a DeLorean automobile.

When replacing the clutch on a DeLorean automobile, always replace the following parts:

1. The clutch pressure plate
2. The clutch friction disc
3. The clutch release bearing
4. The clutch Spigot/Pilot bearing
5. The rear main engine oil seal
6. The rear main engine oil seal housing gasket

Check and replace if necessary, the clutch fork, the crossgate cable, the clutch master cylinder and the clutch slave cylinder.

Replace the factory original, nylon/Teflon clutch pipe with a steel-braided clutch line.

**If it's worth doing once,
it's worth doing right...**

SAN ANTONIO SPIRITED

Story: Sascha Skucek

A knock on the door woke Adam Welter. It was 3:30 in the morning. Irritated, he sat up and gained his bearings. He was in San Antonio in the Menger Hotel. And yes, damn it, the clock really did say 3:30. What idiot comes knocking so early in the morning? Opening the door, Welter first thought himself the fool. In the hallway was a beautiful, young woman. Through her dark uniform, Welter could see the wall behind her. Looking down, he noticed that her plain, black shoes were not touching the ground. Then he felt her breathing. Frozen by her gaze, his heart began pounding in his ears. Stumbling back, Welter blinked and the figure vanished. His mind still reeling, he stepped out to find the hallway empty. The silence was so loud, one could think the dead were listening.

Two weeks later, I arrived in San Antonio late in the evening. Trees lined the sides of the road heading downtown. The wind blew gently, rustling the leaves. Thousands of birds chirped furiously, defending the pieces of branch where they'd spend the night. In the darkness they were unseen. And it was as if the trees were singing—welcome to San Antonio.

Pulling in front of the lobby entrance of the Menger, I stepped out of the DeLorean and was greeted by the air of early summer. The sky twinkled with stars.

San Antonio boasts so many clear and sunny days that the onset of a cloud jams the switchboards with UFO sightings and the grocery stores sell out their stock of organic eggs, skim milk and 12-grain nut bread. The weather is ideal for outdoor adventures. Hiking trails surround San Antonio and lead to several historic missions in the hills. If golf was invented in Scotland, it was meant to be played here. The culture is so engrained into the city that the tourist bureau's advertising is riddled with golf balls flying haphazardly downtown—just in case the uncreative traveler can think of nothing better to do. Sure, take your beautiful wife to the most romantic city in America and leave her knitting a sweater while you practice putting with the boys.

Standing at the entrance to the Menger, I looked up at the four-story building. It didn't look haunted. I checked in at 9:30pm and was given room 3069, fully-loaded with white walls, a king-sized bed, writing desk and TV. After settling in, I walked down the hall and smiled at a wandering, young woman, her arms folded across her stomach.

"Mind the ghosts at this time of night," I said.

"I know," she grinned with eyes widening. "I'm keeping my eyes open."

▲ *Late evening arrival at The Menger Hotel*

And it was as if the trees were singing—welcome to San Antonio.

It was about this time a few years earlier that Ernesto Malacara, the director of public relations was on the B shift and making his rounds in the hotel. He spotted a woman knitting on the first floor of the rotunda area. She was wearing a blue dress with red stars. Her collar was so long that it reminded Malacara of what a sailor might once have worn. He walked down the stairs and approached the woman from the front so as not to frighten her. If nothing else, he could say that her fashion sense was 100 years out-of-style.

"Good evening, I'm with the hotel," he said. "Are you comfortable–can I get you anything?"

The woman continued knitting. After an awkward silence she lifted her head and stared coldly at the director behind steel-rimmed glasses. "I am fine."

Malacara took the leave-me-alone hint and started away. He was particularly puzzled by her large black boots, like clodhoppers. He turned around. The woman was gone.

I made my way downstairs to the Teddy Roosevelt bar, built in 1887 to look like the House of Lords pub in London. The bar's name stuck since the days

The Menger Hotel – SACVB

MENGER HOTEL.

The Alamo – SACVB/Robert W. Bone

CROCKETT
HOTEL

Teddy Roosevelt spent time there in 1897. A few months later he and his Rough Riders became famous for their charge up San Juan Hill in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. A bullet hole can still be seen in the cherry wood paneling. Legend says Roosevelt made the mark while he was recruiting men.

The bartender served me some Frangelico in a brandy glass, and I noticed a scar in the wood finish of the bar.

"What happened here?" I asked pointing to the mark.

"They say Carrie Nation came here and chopped a piece of the bar with her ax," he said patently thrilled that he was telling the story again for the googolplexth time.

My new bartender friend was oblivious to the Menger hauntings and bantered about San Antonio's nightlife. For better or worse, from Budweiser to Chateau Neuf du Pape the culture of drinking is as varied as the drinker. Carrie Nation was likely rolling in her grave in Belton, Missouri chopping angrily at her casket. No doubt she would use one of her colorful expressions and say that San Antonio was full of "rum-soaked, whiskey-swilled, saturnine-faced rummies."

But for those of more moderate opinions, San Antonio welcomes the wine connoisseur. Vineyards surround the city fermenting rich varieties of Burgundy and Bordeaux. The winemakers are friendly and welcome visitors. The owner of Sister Creek Vineyards, for example, makes time to answer the

The Teddy Roosevelt Bar ▶

Photo: Sascha Skucek

"They say Carrie Nation came here and chopped a piece of the bar with her ax."

phone and arrange tours of his 100-year-old cotton gin. The Homer Simpsons of America shouldn't pass up the chance to visit the Lone Star Brewery, home to its famous dark ale created in 1904—mmmm, Lone Star dark ale.

"You should definitely go down to the river," the bartender said. "It's best at this time of night."

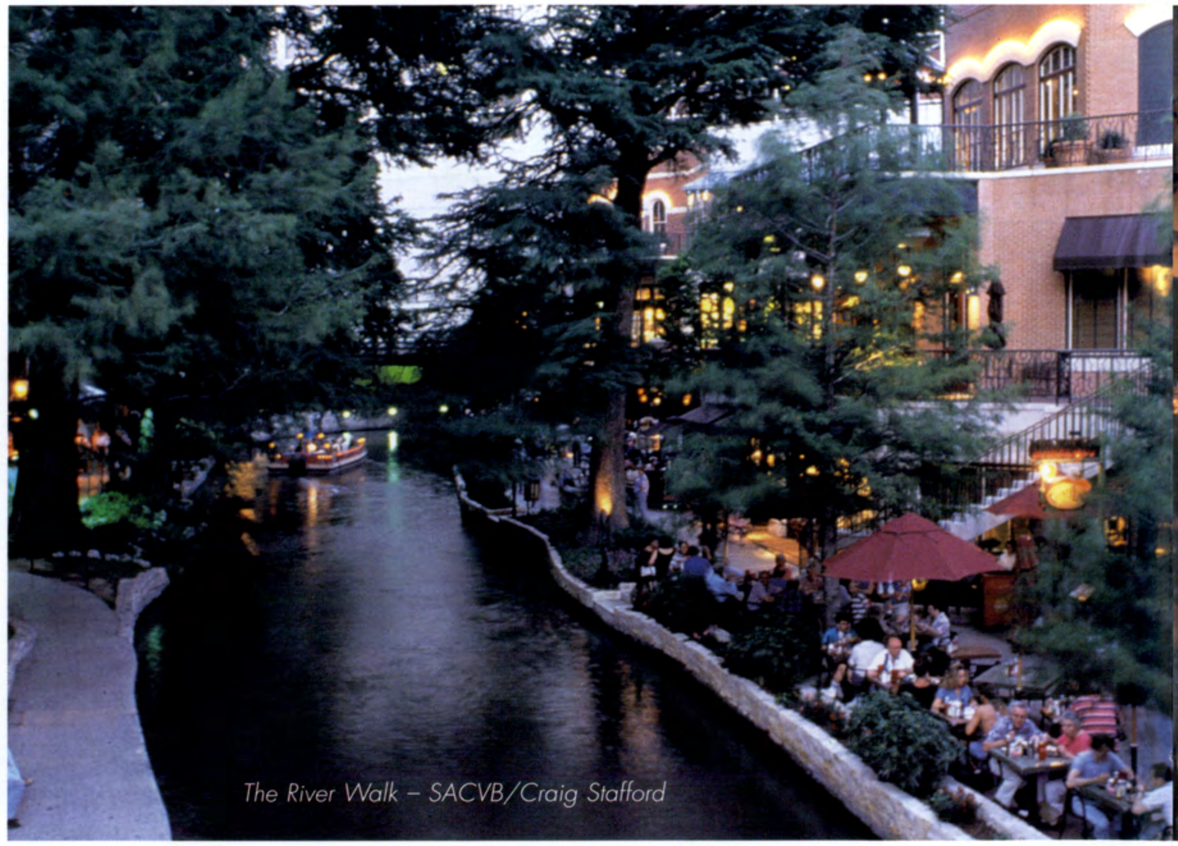
I took his advice, noting it was almost 10:30pm and headed for the door. My stomach was growling for food.

"Oh," I asked, "and where's the Alamo?"

"Right next door."

Stepping outside of the Menger and its ghost stories, I headed for the river, pausing briefly to remember the Alamo. There it was–a proud, pretty and honored shrine to Texans everywhere. By day, hundreds of visitors walk through the mission, reading about 189 courageous men that stood their ground for 13 days against 4,000 troops under General Santa Ana. Their deaths sparked such rage in Texans that Santa Ana was soundly defeated at the Battle of San Jacinto 46 days later. With their independence, Texas gained one of the six flags of its history, a theme not lost in San Antonio by Six Flags Fiesta Texas fun park.

The River Walk stretches 12 miles for the super footman and is nestled on the river crowded by hundreds of shops and restaurants. Even late at night, I could hear the bubbling laughter and conversation of people eating late dinners and strolling along the romantic setting. Gondolas offer rides in the river for lovers wishing to smooch under the many bridges and trees, decorated with lanterns and ornaments given different times of the year.


The River Walk – SACVB/Craig Stafford

The Buckhorn Saloon & Museum
SACVB/Al Rendon

The cuisine in San Antonio is wide in variety and excellence. German restaurants offer potato salad, sauerkraut and sizzling bratwurst sausages. Steakhouses serve generous portions of tender prime rib. Mexican restaurants serve queso flameado and carne asada. Not that I know what that is, but it sounds interesting. Word of mouth is that they are must-try foods along with chili and menudo, which some claim were invented in San Antonio.

I could see the signs of some restaurants as I walked along the river: *You'll love our menudo, guaranteed to cure hangovers!* The unwary drunkard dig in. The secret, of course is not that menudo cures anything, but rather that the soup's ingredients are enough to make a man forget he was drinking in the first place. That is, unless you enjoy chewing on tripe, so called pacinto. I wondered if the bands of guitar players moving from couple to couple were singing lyrics in Spanish to the tune of "Drunk fool. You're eating cow foot and stomach tissue." Deeelish.

I stopped for dinner at the Hunan River Garden, a Chinese restaurant. It was empty except for two waitresses.

"Are you still open?"

"Ja," one said and ushered me to a table overlooking the water. "So, you're all alone?" she asked. "No girlfriend tonight?"

I shook my head sadly wishing I was not in fact alone. The atmosphere was perfect. I had arrived in a beautiful city at its most beautiful time. I could think of nothing more romantic than to whisk a lover away to San Antonio for the weekend—to bring them by night, greeted by the birds and walk along the river, listening to music and chatter. My new friend Gee Gee seemed to agree before rushing to the kitchen to prepare my chicken and cashew nuts.

"I cook this especially for you" she said plopping the steamy entrée in front of me some minutes later. "Fresh in the kitchen."

"Really," I asked, "You just killed a chicken?"

"Ja," she said, "I chased one down and cooked it up."

You'll love our menudo, guaranteed to cure hangovers!

Gee Gee, it turned out, was a talkative and friendly host. Known in the area for her cooking, she has appeared on television and in local periodicals. She even published a cookbook and teaches cooking classes. Before coming to San Antonio, she had lived a year in Colorado Springs, the place, she tells strangers, where she got her accent. She passes the days bantering freely with guests and visitors about anything from the weather to her X-husband. "He went to Yale and then to Purdue," she said, "and he still a jerk. The diplomas didn't help."

The dinner was mouth-watering and hit the spot. I was ready to retire to my room at the Menger. As I walked past the outdoor pool of the hotel, I wondered exactly where the figure of a confederate officer had been seen standing several years before. That the ghost was Robert E. Lee has been refuted by some mystorians who claim Lee had been a Union officer during his stay at the hotel. More likely, the apparition was General Kirby Smith, who came dejected to the Menger for some time after the Civil War, still donning his confederate uniform.

Most visitors to the hotel are blessed without discomforts and perhaps to their disappointment, no ghost sightings. With great skepticism, I sat on the bed in my room and untied my shoes. I knew the stories of cold air and silence as a precursor to ghost sightings. So, despite my better judgment I turned for a look when the back of my neck started tingling. As I suspected, it was not the ghost of Carrie Nation holding a feather and screaming "Goochie goochie goo, you Frangelico chugging drunkard." No, it was actually Droopy Dog staring at me with a deadpan expression: "You know what? Boo." I laughed off my imagination and went to bed. It occurred to me as I fell asleep that my chances of seeing a ghost would have been better had I not been wearing a garlic necklace and a belt aligned with silver bullets.

The Towers of the Americas
SATX SACVB/Al Rendon

Before checking out the next morning, I greeted Malacara at his desk. I asked him to clear up the history and mystery of the Menger hotel. He invited me for coffee. During his tenure at the Menger, Malacara had received over 4,000 reports of ghost sightings.

"It's a matter of belief I guess," he said. "Some you can tell are outright hoaxes and others…I don't know."

The Menger's most frequent ghost with over 3,000 sightings is Sally White, an attractive young woman. She was shot by her husband in 1876 and died two days later. Sally had been a chambermaid at the Menger and her ghost is often seen in the halls, carrying white towels in her arms, wearing a dark uniform and black shoes.

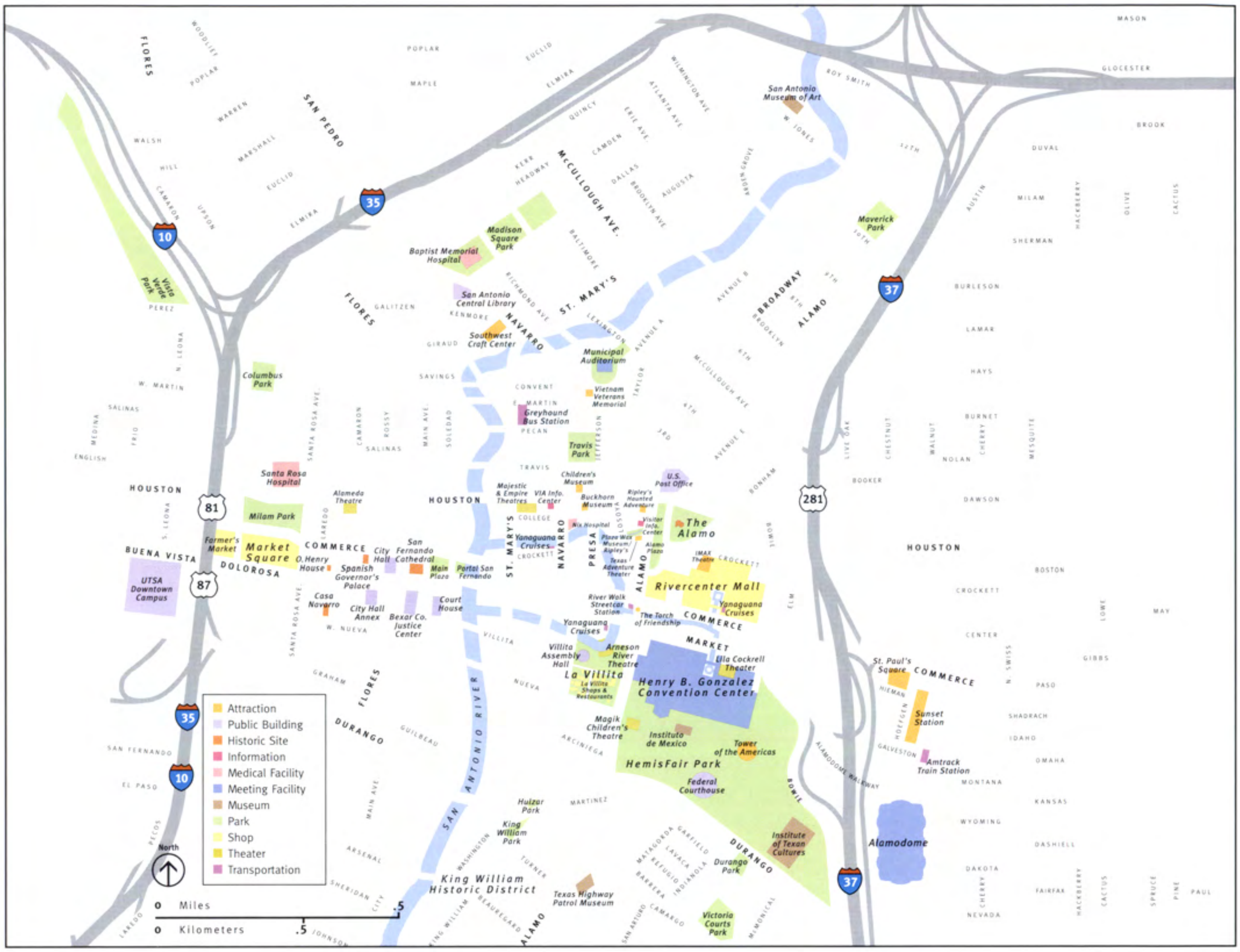
"I find it hard to believe that 3,000 people can tell the same lie," Malacara said.

The Menger had been kind enough to pay Sally White's funeral costs and many believe Sally continues her work in thanks to her employers. She is known as a gentle spirit. That Adam Welter found her hovering and staring into his eyes is not like Sally White and bewildering to Malacara. But if there is a ghost of Sally White, it may not be as alarming as why.

Why San Antonio, however, is another matter. The living and spirits alike can agree on the romance of this city. More than mystique, more than the wine and the dine–San Antonio holds an answer for everyone. Come for the history, come for the people. Come for the food, the music, the recreation and mystery. And if you're looking for a perfect night's stay, come to the Menger. Dare to ask Sally White why. If you're lucky, she might just tell you.

SAN ANTONIO.EXPLORER

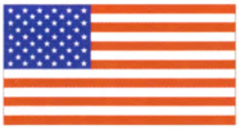
*let **dw** magazine be your guide*



FLORES
WOODLIEF
POPLAR
MAPLE
EUCLID
ELMIRA
WARREN
SAN PEDRO
WALSH
MARSHALL
HILL
CAMARON
UPSON
35
10
Vista Verde Park
PEREZ
N. LEONA
W. MARTIN
SALINAS
MEDINA
FRIO
ENGLISH
Columbus Park
GALITZEN
KENMORE
GIRAUD
SAVINGS
Baptist Memorial Hospital
Madison Square Park
San Antonio Central Library
Southwest Craft Center
NAVARRO
ST. MARY'S
RICHMOND AVE
BALTIMORE
McCULLOUGH AVE.
KERR
HEADWAY
QUINCY
CAMDEN
DALLAS
ERIE AVE.
ATLANTA AVE
BROOKLYN AVE
AUGUSTA
WILMINGTON AVE
LEXINGTON
Municipal Auditorium
CONVENT
E. MARTIN
Greyhound Bus Station
PECAN
Vietnam Veterans Memorial
TAYLOR
Travis Park
JEFFERSON
TRAVIS
SANTA ROSA AVE.
CAMARON
ROSSY
MAIN AVE.
SOLEDAD
Santa Rosa Hospital
HOUSTON
81
S. LEONA
Milam Park
Alameda Theatre
LAREDO
Farmer's Market
Market Square
BUENA VISTA
DOLOROSA
87
UTSA Downtown Campus
COMMERCE
O.Henry House
City Hall
San Fernando Cathedral
Spanish Governor's Palace
Main Plaza
Portal San Fernando
Casa Navarro
City Hall Annex
Bexar Co. Justice Center
Court House
W. NUEVA
Majestic & Empire Theatres
VIA Info. Center
Children's Museum
Buckhorn Museum
Ripley's Haunted Adventure
U.S. Post Office
COLLEGE
Nix Hospital
Yanaguana Cruises
CROCKETT
PRESA
LOSOYA
Plaza Wax Museum/ Ripley's
Texas Adventure Theater
Visitor Info. Center
Alamo Plaza
The Alamo
ALAMO
IMAX Theatre
Rivercenter Mall
River Walk Streetcar Station
The Torch of Friendship
Yanaguana Cruises
VILLITA
Villita Assembly Hall
Arneson River Theatre
La Villita
La Villita Shops & Restaurants
MARKET
Lila Cockrell Theater
Henry B. Gonzalez Convention Center
NUEVA
Magik Children's Theatre
ARCINIEGA
Instituto de Mexico
Tower of the Americas
HemisFair Park
Federal Courthouse
BOWIE
Institute of Texan Cultures
DURANGO
Durango Park
MATAGORDA
GARFIELD
LAVACA
REFUGIO
INDIANOLA
BARRERA
CAMARGO
SAN ARTURO
McMONICAL
Victoria Courts Park
Hulzar Park
MARTINEZ
King William Park
WASHINGTON
TURNER
King William Historic District
KING WILLIAM
BEAUREGARD
Texas Highway Patrol Museum
SAN ANTONIO RIVER
GRAHAM
FLORES
DURANGO
GUILBEAU
MAIN AVE.
ARSENAL
SHERIDAN
CITY
JOHNSON
SAN FERNANDO
EL PASO
PECOS
LAREDO
35
10
North
0 Miles .5
0 Kilometers .5
Attraction
Public Building
Historic Site
Information
Medical Facility
Meeting Facility
Museum
Park
Shop
Theater
Transportation
San Antonio Museum of Art
ROY SMITH
W. JONES
ARDEN GROVE
12TH
10TH
Maverick Park
AVENUE B
BROADWAY
BROOKLYN
8TH
9TH
ALAMO
AVENUE A
6TH
McCULLOUGH AVE
4TH
3RD
AVENUE E
BONHAM
BOWIE
ELM
37
281
MASON
GLOCESTER
BROOK
DUVAL
AUSTIN
MILAM
HACKBERRY
OLIVE
CACTUS
SHERMAN
BURLESON
LAMAR
HAYS
BURNET
LIVE OAK
CHESTNUT
WALNUT
CHERRY
NOLAN
MESQUITE
BOOKER
DAWSON
HOUSTON
BOSTON
CROCKETT
LOWE
MAY
CENTER
N. SWISS
GIBBS
St. Paul's Square
COMMERCE
HIEMAN
HOEFGEN
PASO
Sunset Station
SHADRACH
IDAHO
GALVESTON
Amtrack Train Station
ALAMODOME WALKWAY
OMAHA
MONTANA
KANSAS
WYOMING
Alamodome
DASHIELL
DAKOTA
CHERRY
FAIRFAX
HACKBERRY
CACTUS
SPRUCE
PINE
PAUL
NEVADA
37

CURRENCY

U.S. Dollars



WEBSITES

www.sanantoniocvb.com
www.sanantonio.com
www.seesanantonio.com

EMERGENCIES

Police: 210.207.7484
Ambulance: 210.207.7744
Poison Control Center: 800.764.7661

THINGS TO DO

1. Catch a basketball game with the Spurs - www.nba.com/spurs
2. See the IMAX presentation - *ALAMO…The Price of Freedom*
3. Take a Yanaguana Cruise along the San Antonio River
4. Visit the Witte Museum
5. Tour Mission San José
6. Play golf at La Cantera or at the Quarry Golf Club
7. Attend a performance at the Majestic Theatre
8. Enjoy the Botanical Garden Center/Lucile Halsell Conservatory

THINGS TO BUY

1. A Bowie knife
2. Mexican candies - Leche Quemada and Dulce de Coco
3. Patron Tequila
4. A cookbook with the recipe for menudo
5. Texas Bluebonnet soap

SAN ANTONIO.HIGHLIGHTS

✓OUT THESE: HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, BARS, SHOPPING AND SIGHTS

DINING

Texas Land & Cattle Steak House On the River Walk
201 North St. Mary's
Tel: 210.222.2263
No visit to San Antonio is complete without a perfectly grilled steak and here the bill is filled quite nicely.

Biga on the Banks
203 South St.Mary's Street at Market
Tel: 210.225.0722
Featuring a modern American menu using classical techniques combined with exotic flavors found in the cuisines of Mexico and Asia. Seasonal and daily menus offer the best regional and global markets including aged beef, Texas game and seafood.

Mi Tierra Café & Bakery
218 Produce Row (in the heart of Market Square)
Tel: 210.225.1262
Open 24 hours a day and serving some of San Antonio's best Mexican breakfast and lunch favorites, Mi Tierra is the place to be for great Mexican food and mariachi music. Don't forget to try some of the world's finest Mexican candies including their famous pecan pralines.

Rosario's Café y Cantina
910 South Alamo (in Southtown)
Tel: 210.223.1806
For a little dancing with dinner, remember to Feed the Heart; Quench the Soul...at Southtown's favorite Mexican Café y Cantina on Friday evenings. Tasty margaritas, hearty plates of Mexican cuisine and colorful surroundings for the ultimate dining experience featuring a live salsa band to get diners' hearts pounding and their feet moving.

LODGING

La Mansion del Rio Hotel
112 College Street
Tel: 210.518.1000
Located on the River Walk, the hotel expresses the romance and charm of a grand hacienda through the blending of Spanish Colonial architecture and European-style furnishings. Home of Las Canarias, known as the River Walk's most elegant restaurant.

Menger Hotel *204 Alamo Plaza*
Tel: 210.223.4361
It's not just a rumor that the Menger Hotel is happily haunted. Employees and guests have seen more than 32 colorful apparitions at this magnificent hotel, built in 1859 just 23 years after the Alamo's fall. Located right next to the Alamo and the entrance to the River Walk.

Hilton Palacio Del Rio
200 South Alamo Street
Tel: 210.222.1400
A first-class hotel flanked by diverse cultural attractions on all sides. Featuring classic, provincial Spanish decor in the lobby embellished with Mexican onyx and brass with floors of mesquite and white oak. All guestrooms have balconies with panoramic views of the city (try for one overlooking the riverbank). The Ibiza Restaurant and Bar couldn't be any closer to the San Antonio River.

CLUBS/ PUBS/BARS

Mark's on the River Walk
245 East Commerce Street, Suite 200
Tel: 210.222.2444
Looking for a shot of that Bowmore 40 Year Scotch? Well, Mark's got it at only $545 a pop. Otherwise, with balcony views, exotic furniture and immaculate bathrooms, this place is downright sexy and a great place to meet people. An elegant atmosphere for drinks and conversation and a pleasant departure from the raucous crowds at other River Walk bars.

Teddy Roosevelt Bar
204 Alamo Plaza
Tel: 210.223.4361
That's right, old Teddy himself used to get sloshed here way back in the late 1800s. Come here for a relaxed atmosphere and try one of their famous Margaritas.

The Flying Saucer
11255 Huebner Road
Tel: 210.647.PINT
Ask the bartender for a beer and you'll get asked which of their 200 beers you mean. A neighborhood pub that is a local favorite. Beer lovers should join the UFO club and give the Chimay Grand Reserve a try.

The Buckhorn Saloon & Museum
318 E. Houston Street
Tel: 210.247.4000
The whole family can learn while you're having fun. Get up close to the exhibits where interactive displays make the experience come alive. The walnut wood bar has the original brass foot rail that has supported the heels of cowboys and cattlemen for 120 years.

SHOP STOPS

La Villita - Little Village
Between Presta & S. Alamo Streets on Nueva Street
One of San Antonio's original settlements, La Villita has been established as an arts and crafts center dedicated to Pan-American harmony. A National Historic District.

Market Square - El Mercado
Santa Rosa and Commerce Street
El Mercado is the largest Mexican market outside of Mexico. The outdoor market sells all types of Mexican crafts, pottery, ceramics, turquoise jewelry and leather goods.

River Walk - Paseo del Rio
454 Soledad, River Ste. 2
"If you miss the River Walk, you've missed San Antonio." This lushly landscaped 2.5 mile stretch is an urban centerpiece lined with restaurants, hotels and shops.

CITY SCENE

Alamo Trolley Hop On Hop Off
Departs from the Alamo Visitor Center located next to the Alamo. Discover the best of San Antonio when you purchase the Alamo Hop On Hop Off Trolley pass. Enjoy the convenience of exploring this historic city at your own pace. Some of the stops include Mission San Jose, the new IMAX Theatre, Market Square and the San Fernando Cathedral.

King William Historic District
1032 South Alamo Street
Tel: 210.227.8786
Settled by wealthy German merchants, San Antonio's first suburb makes up 25 blocks of picturesque mansions and gardens.

GO THERE

Mission San Antonio de Valero
300 Alamo Plaza
Say what? Go to what Mission? Why, this is the real name of the Alamo. It is the most famous spot in Texas. It's located in the city's center and a must see as San Antonio's first official building. It is where Mexican General Santa Ana's army defeated David Crockett, Jim Bowie and 187 others on March 6, 1836.

Tower of the Americas
600 HemisFair Park
This 750-foot tower was built for the 1968 HemisFair. It features spectacular panoramic views especially from the rotating Tower Restaurant. Have a drink, sit back, and watch the city pass beneath you.

dw magazine

Travel • Technical • Lifestyle

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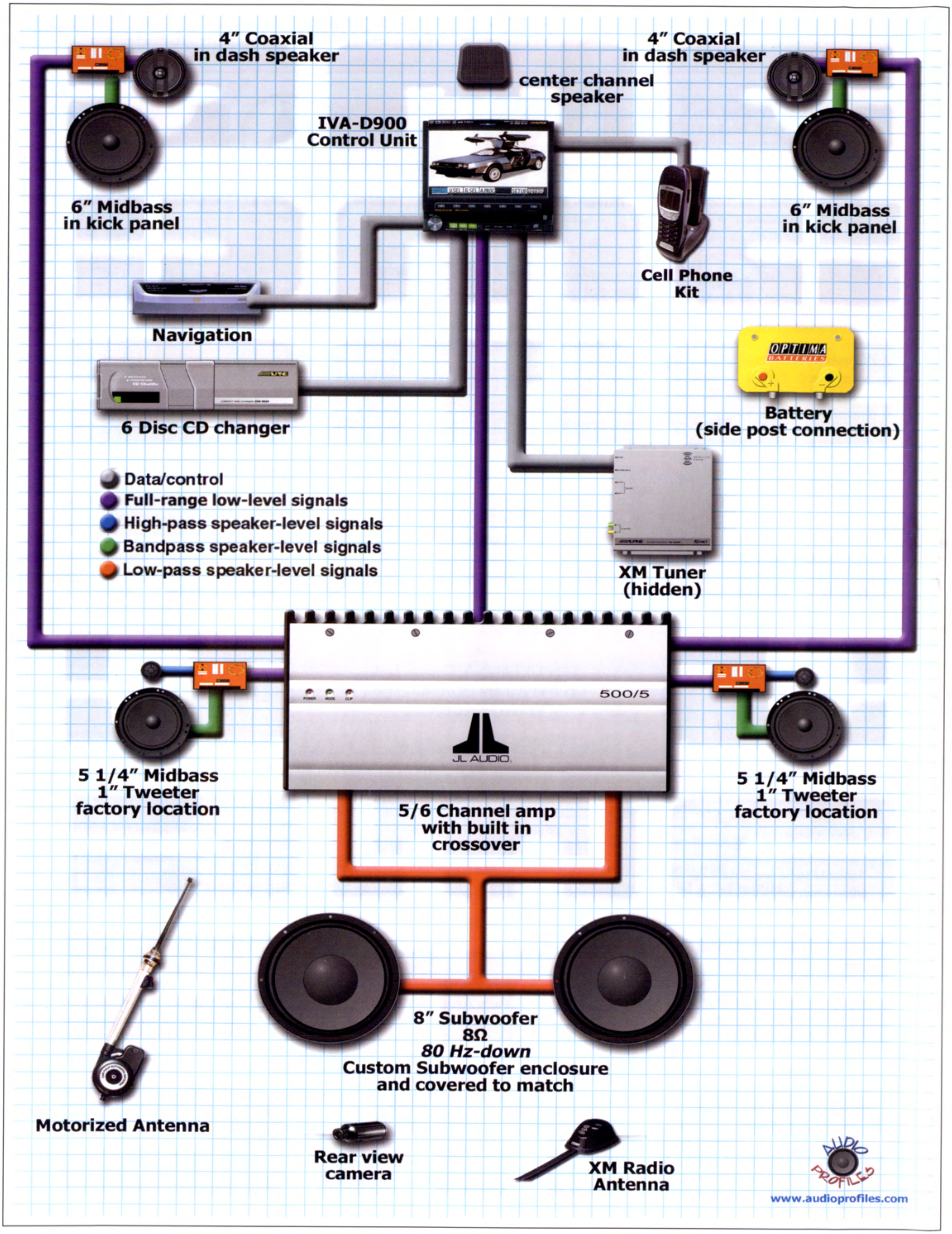

4″ Coaxial
in dash speaker
center channel
speaker
4″ Coaxial
in dash speaker
IVA-D900
Control Unit
6″ Midbass
in kick panel
6″ Midbass
in kick panel
Cell Phone
Kit
Navigation
OPTIMA
BATTERIES
6 Disc CD changer
Battery
(side post connection)
● Data/control
● Full-range low-level signals
● High-pass speaker-level signals
● Bandpass speaker-level signals
● Low-pass speaker-level signals
XM Tuner
(hidden)
500/5
JL AUDIO
5 1/4″ Midbass
1″ Tweeter
factory location
5 1/4″ Midbass
1″ Tweeter
factory location
5/6 Channel amp
with built in
crossover
8″ Subwoofer
8Ω
80 Hz-down
Custom Subwoofer enclosure
and covered to match
Motorized Antenna
Rear view
camera
XM Radio
Antenna
AUDIO PROFILES
www.audioprofiles.com

BEYOND RADIO

Photo: Issac Goren

Beyond subwoofers, digital satellite and CD changers, the ambitious DeLorean owner may make the leap into the most advanced electronic technology of the 21st century.

Story: Isaac Goren, Sounds Good Audio & Security
www.sounds-good-stereo.com
Photos: Isaac Goren, Alpine Electronics

AUDIO

To compliment an improved sound system, the addition of video, DVD, GPS navigation and even a surround sound processor is possible.

The process begins with an updated radio—the Mobile Multimedia System.

MOBILE MULTIMEDIA STATION
IVA-D900
ALPINE
XM - 1
10:45
Choose SOURCE
DVD PLAYER
CD
SRC
V.SEL
R.SEL
A.PROC
SETUP
RETURN

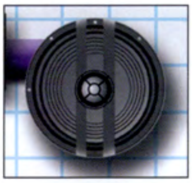
Photo: Alpine Electronics

The new din size head unit uses a 7" motorized WVGA LCD monitor. With the push of a button on the radio, or the key in the ignition, the display glides out of the dash.

The new Alpine IVA-D900 will play and operate AM/FM radio, CD, CDR, CDRW, MP3, DVD, XM Satellite radio, 5 channel amplifiers, rearview camera, CD changer, 5.1-surround sound, cellular phone and GPS navigation.

It is one of the most sophisticated compact audio systems in the world, and doesn't require an engineering degree to operate. Even a small car like the DeLorean can be lightly modified to encompass the full benefits of modern entertainment systems.

The Speakers & Subwoofers



I recommend the custom installation of MB Quart pro speakers with 4" mid and 1" tweeter, under the dash.

They compliment the MB Quart 6 1/2" speakers mounted on each kick panel.

The rear factory 4" x 10" speakers may be upgraded with an MB Quart custom plate of 5 1/4" mid and 1" tweeter. The MB Quart speakers come equipped with their own passive crossover.

A custom panel may be built in the rear for two 8" or 10" subs. There are many configurations on custom sub boxes. Each box is designed to function in a proper air space. The enclosure is made out of MDF 3/4" wood, and in some cases, fiberglass. The enclosure can be covered with material to match the cars interior.

A custom mounted single speaker can be installed on the dash for the center channel. Companies such as Alpine offer small center-channel speakers that fit in small enclosures and come with a separate amplifier. These are connected to the 5.1 processor.

CD Changer

The compartment behind the driver's seat is accessible and a convenient location for the CD Changer. Other possibilities exist, such as in the glove box or under the bonnet. An Ai-Net cable connects the changer to the control unit.

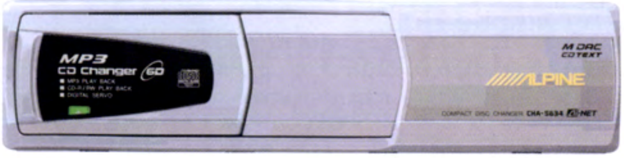

MP3
CD Changer 6D
M DAC
CD TEXT
ALPINE
COMPACT DISC CHANGER CHA-S634 Ai-NET

Photo: Alpine Electronics

XM Digital Radio

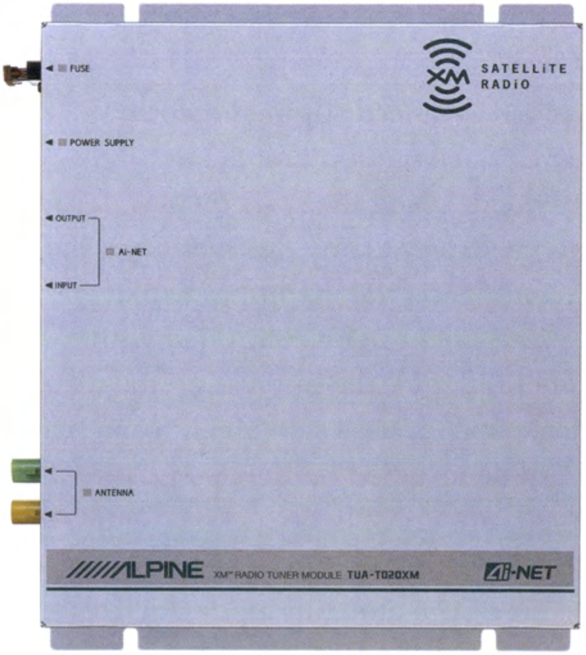

FUSE
POWER SUPPLY
OUTPUT
Ai-NET
INPUT
ANTENNA
XM SATELLITE RADIO
ALPINE
XM RADIO TUNER MODULE TUA-T020XM
Ai-NET

Photo: Alpine Electronics

The XM Satellite radio controller is built into the main unit. With an added hidden tuner* and an XM antenna on the roof towards the rear window, the Ai-Net cables complete the link.

**The tuner can be hidden under the CD changer or near the main unit brain.*

GPS Navigation

DUAL LAYER DVD
HIGH SPEED ROUTE GUIDANCE
COMMUNICATION PORT
PUSH OPEN
NVE-N852A
CAR NAVIGATION SYSTEM
DVD
ALPINE

Photo: Alpine Electronics

The most advanced Alpine Power DVD-based GPS navigation unit is highly recommended. Using the LCD display, it can guide the driver to any destination in the USA with its digital mapping display and voice. GPS can be controlled with a remote unit or by the buttons on the main control panel. It uses a small GPS antenna that can be installed on the dash. The main control unit can be tucked out of reach. The software is located in the main unit and can be annually updated. This system will calibrate distance and arrival time using GPS and the vehicle's speed sensor. It will interrupt the audio and LCD display as needed to assist in guiding the driver. Alpine data base information also includes information such as:

Address...
Hotels...
Gas Stations...
Restaurants...
Banks...and much more.

Rear Camera

A 12-volt, wide-angle, small color-camera can be installed in the back of the vehicle. This allows the driver to view the back of the vehicle at any time during the drive. In addition, when the car is placed into reverse the LCD display will automatically switch to view the back of car and back to normal when released from reverse gear.

Rear view camera

Cellular Phone

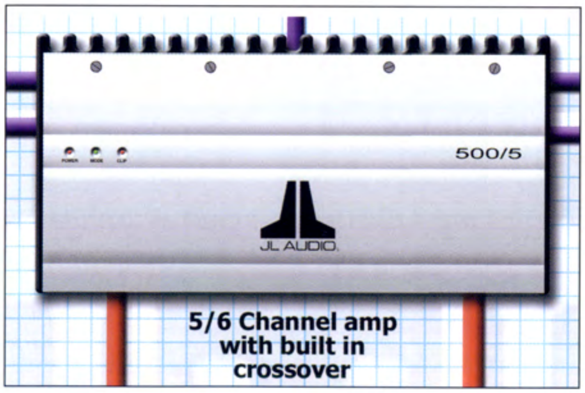
The Mobile Hub, designed for Nokia phones, will allow the driver or passenger to

Cell Phone Kit

access their cellular phone by the radio control. The Nokia phone can be tucked into the glove box and remain fully operational. A special, Hirshman, glass mounted antenna can be used to increase phone reception.

Amplifier

The sound quality will depend on the amplifier. I recommend using a good 5 or 6 channel amplifier to power the front speakers on ch 1 and 2, the rear speakers on ch 3 and 4, and the sub-bridged mono on ch 5 and 6. The amplifier will play the front and rear speakers as high pass and subs as low pass. The JL Audio 500/5 is a prime example of an amplifier that can be installed under the bonnet or on a custom amp rack or behind the seats on the panel below the rear window.



5.1 Surround Sound

A surround-sound processor and equalizer can be controlled by the main unit or the remote and be displayed on the LCD monitor. It allows the driver to optimize the vehicle acoustically for quality sound with personal settings during playback on DVD/Dolby Pro Logic, digital Dolby and more. The Frequencies on the equalizer can be set to 6 custom and personalized settings. The processor enhances the audio portion allowing driver and passenger to set the performance to his or her preference. The processor can be hidden near or under the amplifier or main unit brain.

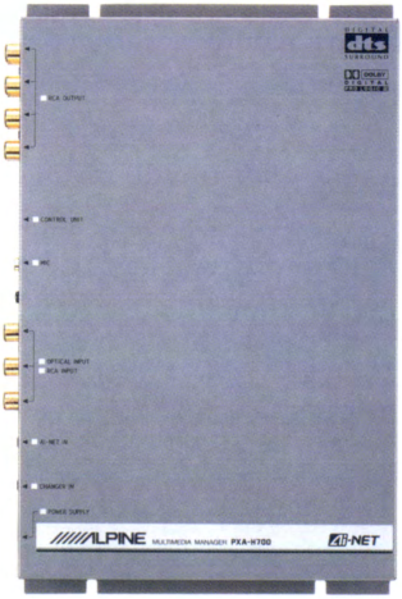


Photo: Alpine Electronics

The main unit/control panel/radio

The Alpine IVA D900 is fully operational whether the motorized monitor is open or closed. However, when the LCD 7" Monitor is open, the system display gives the vehicle a whole new dimension. This unit has additional hide-away components where it receives all data. One cable connects the main unit to the hide-away, installed near the amplifier, among other possible locations. A remote control will operate everything that is needed.

NAV.
AUDIO
EXT DVD
A.PROC.
BAND
V.SEL.
SOURCE
VOL.
MODE
ENTER
DISP/TITLE
CANC.
MUTE
MENU /SETUP
RTN
1
2
3
LIST
DTR
N/H
4
5
6
7
8
9
DEL.
0
+10
OK
AUDIO
SUB T.
ANGLE
DEL.DEST.
ALPINE
RUE-4190

Photo: Alpine Electronics

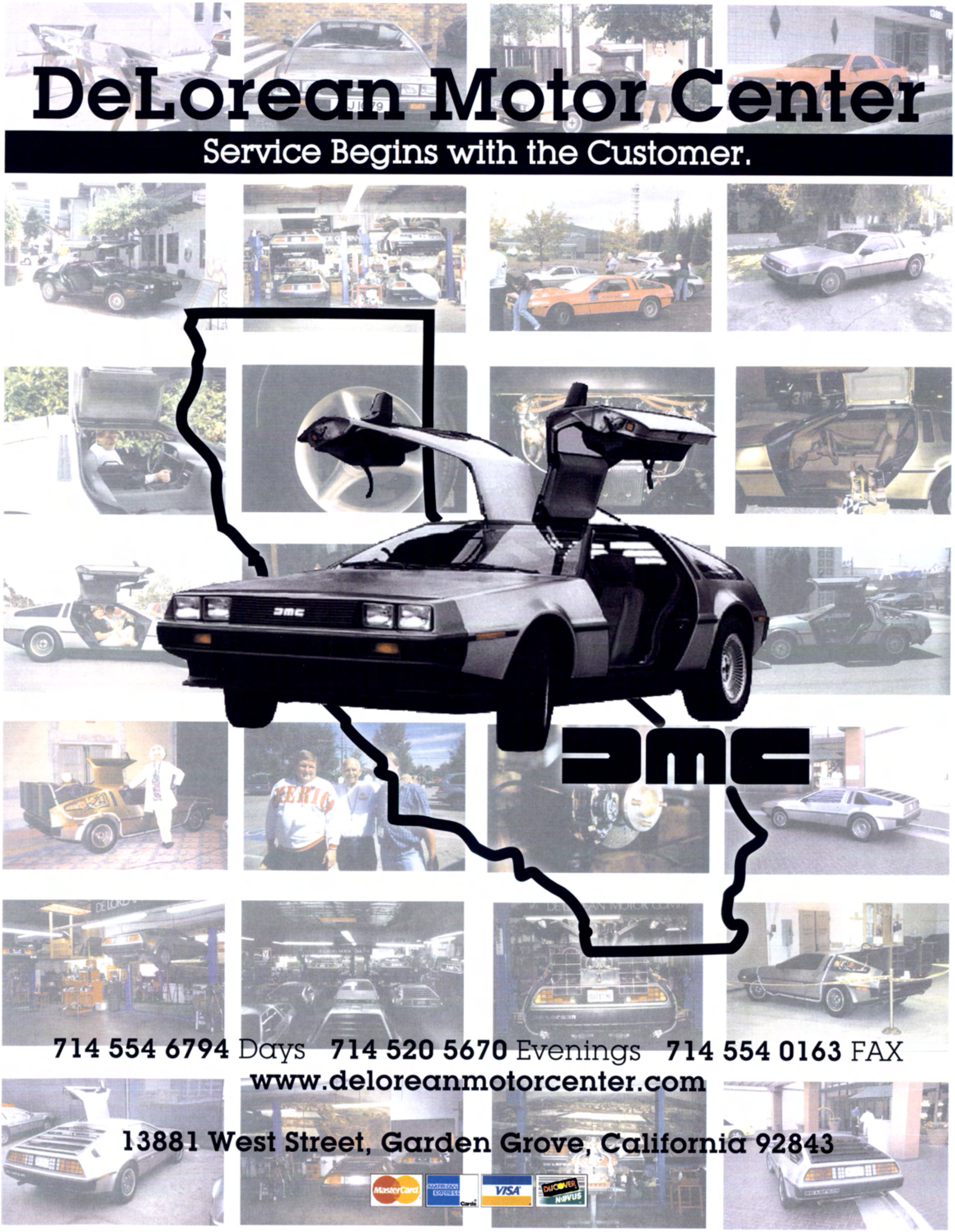
Areas that require close attention are the size of the subwoofer and its enclosure as well as the locations for the CD changer, amplifier, GPS navigation unit, cell phone cradle, GPS navigation antenna and XM radio antenna. Cosmetic appearances can be fit to the owner's preference.

This system takes approximately 80 hours of labor ranging from $6,000 to $7,200. Parts and material will range from $7,500 to $9,500. I recommend using all Scosche/EFX components for installation and upgrading to an Optima yellow top deep cycle battery.

TESTIMONIALS …

"Since it's my daily driver, I always wanted a sound system worthy of a DeLorean." — Sandy Bigman
San Ramon, CA
Vin: 10050

"Now I have a car that competes in all arenas, looks great, sounds great and with the addition of the voice unit, gives it a bit of a futuristic character."
— Gary Valenziano
Pleasanton, CA
Vin: 5480



DeLorean Motor Center

Service Begins with the Customer.

714 554 6794 Days **714 520 5670** Evenings **714 554 0163** FAX

www.deloreanmotorcenter.com

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American Express Cards
VISA
Discover Novus

RUBY R&R

Story : Bruce Lasuta **Photos:** Lorraine Lasuta

On a cool October afternoon my wife Lorraine and I load our DeLorean with hiking boots, binoculars and whatnot to head away for the weekend. An hour north along Highway 101 is our destination—the Ruby Lake Resort in British Columbia. It is particularly beautiful in the fall with towering maple trees breaking into a kaleidoscope of crimson colors.

Our first stop is Chapman Creek to watch the Pacific Salmon make their final valiant struggle upstream to spawn and then die. These fish, bright red in their final days, some measuring over three feet, display Herculean strength and determination to swim through the creek shallows, leaping the falls and fast-rushing waters of the creek. It is a humbling sight. We follow the trails upstream and see large groups of salmon circling in the deeper pools waiting, it seems, for some silent signal to push on upstream. The bodies of their kin float lifelessly past them, back to the stream where bald eagles and seagulls wait to devour their flesh.

At Pier 17 we pause for steaming-hot, hazelnut lattes and then continue along Highway 101, known locally as Sunshine Coast Highway. We enjoy the high quality performance by Andrea Bocelli, playing on our new sound system. It was one of the articles by Isaac Goren which inspired me to upgrade my audio system's head unit, electric antenna and speakers.

The 35-mile long drive along a twisting two-lane highway can be intimidating to some. Keeping a cautious eye out for wildlife and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, I occasionally exceed the legal speed to enjoy the DeLorean's handling.

Soon we are motoring through Halfmoon Bay where we stop at the general store near the government dock and purchase a bottle of Merlot for the upcoming evenings. The season is unreasonably warm and my wife and I muse that it may be one of the positives of global warming.

Back on the highway we catch glimpses of the sparkling waters in Malaspina Strait through the trees. Numerous little islands inhabit the water. While some are nothing more than large rocks, others are dotted with homes. All seem precariously built in defiance of the ocean's winds and tides. It is a reminder of our ever en-croaching presence in these outlying lands. Soon we motor past Paq Lake which touches the roadside to our left and through the mist arising from the lake's surface we notice a new home with manicured grounds has appeared at the water's edge where there recently was forest. Not feeling any need to stop in at Maderia Park we continue to our destination and soon turn in to the parking lot of the Ruby Lake Resort. One of the restaurant staff greets us at the office with assurances of an "unforgettable dinner" prepared by "Aldo". We register and take our bags over the floating foot bridge to our new weekend home: a quaint cottage overlooking the lagoon and bird sanctuary.

Dinner is still a few hours away so we change and head across the road for a short exploration of Ruby Lake in a rented kayak. As we push from the shore, a chartered float-plane taxis up to the dock laden with fellow resort guests. We smugly realize that with the summer crowds now gone, we can

I occasionally exceed the legal speed to enjoy the DeLorean's handling.

enjoy the peace to ourselves, gliding noiselessly upon the still waters. The summer cabins perched along the lake front appear closed for the season. My wife and I paddle with an obvious lack of grace and co-ordination privy to more experienced kayakers but still cover good distance with little effort. With a certain uneasiness that those who have viewed the Hitchcock thriller *The Birds* can appreciate, I realize that we are being paced by small convoys of Canadian Geese seemingly irritated by our presence. Water dripping from our paddles, we watch in hushed fascination as the setting sun plays out an array of colors; finishing with a flannel-soft red hue emanating behind the mountain tops.

It is suddenly very dark. In the ensuing dusk we hurry for shore and sprint back to our cabin. I can see my breath and realize how cold it is at night this time of year. Our warm and cozy cabin decorated with interior wood furnishings and cheerful wall colors greets us. We quickly change into warmer clothing, more appropriate for a candle lit dinner.

The fairy lights dotting the floating bridge across the bird sanctuary create a surreal setting, and we stop midway to scan the area for the Mallard Ducks seen earlier, gracing the area. We are seated at a linen-topped table, overlooking the vast bird-sanctuary that separates the restaurant from the guest cabins, the parking lot flood lights playing off the shimmering lagoon's surface. The exposed beams and vaulted ceilings, though out of place for an Italian-themed atmosphere, seem nonetheless appropriate for this westcoast setting as we dine on fresh seafood and belt-bursting deserts. Georgio, one of the owners visits us tableside, shakes my hand and affectionately kisses Lorraine–twice–calling her "Bella". When he leaves, my now-blushing wife suggests our next trip could, perhaps, be to Italy. Afterwards, we make our way back over the floating footbridge to our cabin and spend the remainder of the evening in the gazebo counting satellites overhead in the bright starlit skies.

Morning awakens us to the familiar sound of rainfall. With hot cups of coffee we sit outside and watch the lazy activity of the waterfowl, content and relaxed in our serenity.

The weekend ends too soon. Sighing, we pack up to head home. The DeLorean glistens in the beating rain. With a roar, the engine comes to life and though I've never driven in the rain, the trip home is safe and warm. It seems to take less time. As we pull into our garage, I'm already daydreaming of our next adventure.

▲ *A kaleidoscope of fall colors reflecting off of a shimmering roadside lagoon.*

THROUGH THE TALL GRASS

IT IS AGAINST THE LAW
TO FEED
OR MOLEST
ALLIGATORS
TAKE A PHOTO...
FEED A FISH!

Story: Barry Spyker, Automotive Editor, Miami Herald
Photos: Barry Spyker, Everglades National Park

A sleek stainless steel machine drives through the wilderness of the Florida Everglades. With wild stalks of sawgrass blowing in the wind, a 12-foot alligator lurking in a nearby marsh, and a spectacular reddish-orange sunset, it all begins to make perfect sense. The DeLorean cuts through the wind on a glorious November day — the fresh air blasting through the tollbooth windows and my arm surfing outside.

I've lived by the Everglades for seven years in Weston, Florida. It's a bad-boy, good-boy thing—I moved here to get away from the craziness of the South Florida resort areas, and to be closer to nature. Yet developers and cities like these should never have been permitted to sprawl into the Glades as far as they did. Fortunately, it's over now. A final line has been drawn and developers may not cross it. My DeLorean is a Florida native—delivered to Miami originally, and formerly owned by a fellow who lived on one of the pricey islands in the Biscayne Bay near Miami. Its Venetian Causeway sticker remains in the lower left corner of the windshield. I left it there because it feels as though it's part of the car–like a ship's log. The ritzy area seems appropriate for this timeless DeLorean beauty, and it probably spent a good deal of time in Miami Beach, even before South Beach became a trendy spot.

From there a former federal law enforcement officer in the Florida Keys, who—lucky for him—somehow managed to retire at 50, purchased the car. I finally landed the DeLorean in 2000. The Keys offer a terrific ride in any car but are heavenly in a DeLorean. The string of islands are connected by bridges and manmade mounds that stretch from Key Largo, formerly Rock Harbor, to Key West, a wild and carefree town. Take in the sights and sounds as you drive down Duval Street. Stop for a drink in Sloppy Joe's, Ernest Hemingway's watering hole when he wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. If you visit the author's two-story house on Whitehead Street, you'll even see the urinal he supposedly swiped from the bar one alcohol-happy night. Today the urinal serves dozens of six-toed cats that roam the property—all descendants of the original cats Hemingway adored.

So now DeLorean #5183, spends much of its time along U.S. 27, which cuts through the fringe of the Everglades, and Alligator Alley the road that slices across South Florida, from the Atlantic to the Gulf.

Yeah, you'd think a South Florida DeLorean ought to be cruising Ocean Drive in Miami Beach, among the swanky Art Deco hotels and open-air bars like Mango's, where a *Sex on the Beach* might cost you $10. Or maybe the stainless steel wonder should be pulling in front of the world-famous Joe's Stone Crabs in South Beach, where a valet will park it for you while you dine on the most tender and luscious stone crabs in the world. They're such a popular favorite that Joe's actually closes down when the crabs are out of season.

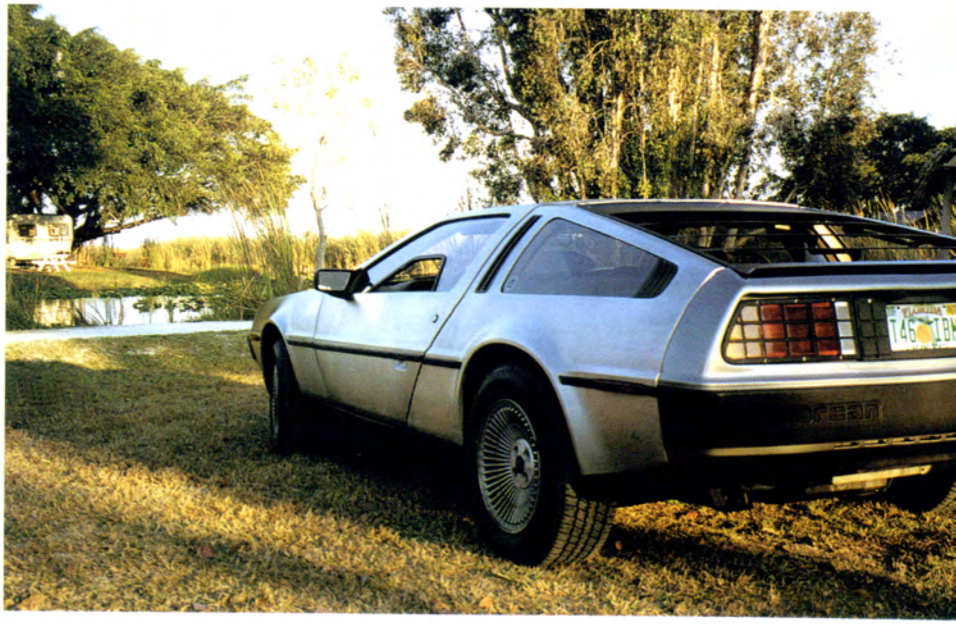
But all that rich and famous neon glitz doesn't match the raw nature. My DeLorean and I cruise into places like Everglades Holiday Park, with airboat rides, bass boats, pickup trucks and Harleys. Families in minivans take in the serenity. A long-necked snowy-white egret stands in the sawgrass looking for dinner. A couple of peacocks look for handouts from tourists. An alligator, only his eyes and nose above the flat surface, shops for dinner, too.

The Everglades region is not a swamp. It is a flowing sheet of water, dubbed the "river of grass" in the 1940s by pioneering conservationist Marjory Stoneman Douglas. It is home to a terrific variety of species of animals and plants.

Great Egrets ▶

Everglades National Park Photo

At the main entrance to Everglades National Park, a film introduces visitors to the park's natural attractions. Boardwalks such as the Anhinga Trail lead visitors into the habitat of alligators, turtles and a variety of wading birds. At Shark Valley, a 15-mile paved trail winds past alligators, giant loggerhead turtles and the docile manatee (often called a sea cow). You can hike or take a tram. Don't stop too long for pictures–the natives may be restless. Be prepared to adapt your hiking plans.



The Keys offer a terrific ride in any car but are heavenly in a DeLorean.

Cruise across Alligator Alley in your DeLorean and you feel like you're a million miles from the civilized world.

One afternoon a 12-foot gator chose a narrow trail we were hiking for his afternoon nap. We wisely chose not to disturb him and turned back.

Everglades habitats are home to the wood stork, heron, pelican, osprey, roseate spoonbill, and southern bald eagle. Migratory birds such as the Cape May warbler, peregrine falcon and bobolink use the Glades as a critical wintering area and stopover to South American destinations. Cruise across Alligator Alley in your DeLorean and you feel like you're a million miles from the civilized world. Poor development, waste runoff from farms and water channeled away from the Glades in man-made canals has endangered this unique environment over the years. Today, extensive government restoration programs are underway in an effort to "Save the Everglades."

Everglades National Park Photo

▲ *Alligator Alley*

Like the DeLorean, whose heritage we cherish and protect, we must continue to restore and watch over the fragile environment that accommodates so many species of animals. It is some of the most scenic DeLorean driving on the planet.

Everglades National Park Photo

▲ *An Everglades Gator*

Everglades National Park Photo

▲ *The River of Grass*

classifieds

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Placing classified advertising in dw magazine and on our website: In order to place a classified ad in **dw** magazine or on our website, you need to be a member of the Association. When you order your ad, please include your membership number. If you are not a member, the cost to join is $72.00 per year. To join, call our **Membership Data Center at (805) 964-5296.** You can also join online at our website, **www.delorean-owners.org**

To place a classified ad in dw magazine: The rate is $.80 per word, and **there is a four edition minimum.** Example: 20 words x $.80 = $16.00 x 4 = $64.00. (There is a minimum charge of $5.00 per edition for ads that have less than five words.) If your advertised item sells after the first insertion, and you notify us, we will refund the cost of the remaining insertions. We will also publish a one column wide photo of your item for an additional charge of $50.00 per edition.

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Payment: All ads must be paid in advance. To place your ad and to make payment, call or fax (626)965-5190, or e-mail to: advertising@delorean-owners.org or mail to James Hales, Advertising Director – 2651 Altamira Drive, West Covina, CA 91792. Include everything you want in your ad, your credit card account number and the expiration date. If you are paying by mail, include a check payable to the DeLorean Owners Association.

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1981 DeLorean, VIN #1083, blk interior, 5 speed, 10,800 original miles, excellent condition, spare parts, $18,000. CA (707) 964-6925 tmbrwolf@mcn.org

1981 DeLorean, VIN #0836, black interior, good condition, 5-speed, $12,900. 949-559-0558 BEARMOOSE@worldnet.att.net

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1981 DeLorean, VIN #2674, black interior, 5 speed, 16,000 miles. N.E.Pennsylvania. $22,500. Contact John Parker, 570-421-3190. jparker@parkeroil.com

1982 DeLorean, VIN #10736, 5-speed, 7,500 miles, excellent condition, $17,500 910-509-1406 (NC)

1981 DeLorean, VIN #2406, One owner, 2,000 miles. Automatic. Black interior, Show Quality, Trophy winner. $24,000 obo. 847-940-7777

1982 DeLorean, VIN #10644, 5-speed, gray interior, 28,000 miles. Original owner, always garaged, excellent condition, $21,000 Ohio 614-529-8146.

1981 DeLorean, VIN #4981, manufactured Oct/81, automatic, grey interior, only 5,500 miles. Family owned since day of purchase. Excellent condition, $21,000. Contact Zachary Hanna, 562-412-5880, Fax 562-598-8782,or e-mail zackhanna@yahoo.com

1981 DeLorean, VIN #6408, 21,000 miles, Gray leather interior, professionally maintained for a meticulous owner. $20,500. Ohio 614-939-0118 or stromberga@aol.com

1981 DeLorean, VIN #4481 , automatic, gray interior. 12,900 miles. Interior and exterior are in immaculate condition. Garaged . $18,500, Baltimore-Washington area. Contact Demetre Koutras at 301-431-4170, or anastasiabrown@comcast.net

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If you're thinking turbo, think twin turbo.

The most efficient method of turbo charging your DeLorean's V-6 engine is with two turbochargers — one turbo unit for each three cylinders.

When the DeLorean factory began developing a performance model, the twin-turbo configuration was the system they preferred (see Road & Track, December, 1984-page 37): The Island Twin-Turbocharging System is the most faithful to that DeLorean factory turbo design.

QUALITY

- The Island Twin-Turbo System includes a matched pair of IHI Turbochargers, the same brand used on most Indianapolis 500 racers.
- All intake manifolding is made of cast aluminum, which can't rust or crack like metal tubing.
- A matched pair of exhaust manifolds are fabricated from rugged cast iron.

PERFORMANCE

- 0–60 mph . . . . 6.3 seconds
- Top Speed . . . . 140 mph
- Total exhaust breathing capacity is increased to a BIG 4-inches total diameter (2 inches for each bank).
- No turbo lag.

REPUTATION

- Island Turbo has been turbocharging DeLoreans since 1981 and has earned one of the most respected names in the turbo industry.

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